CHAPEL TALKS

DANIEL CLARK KNOWLES

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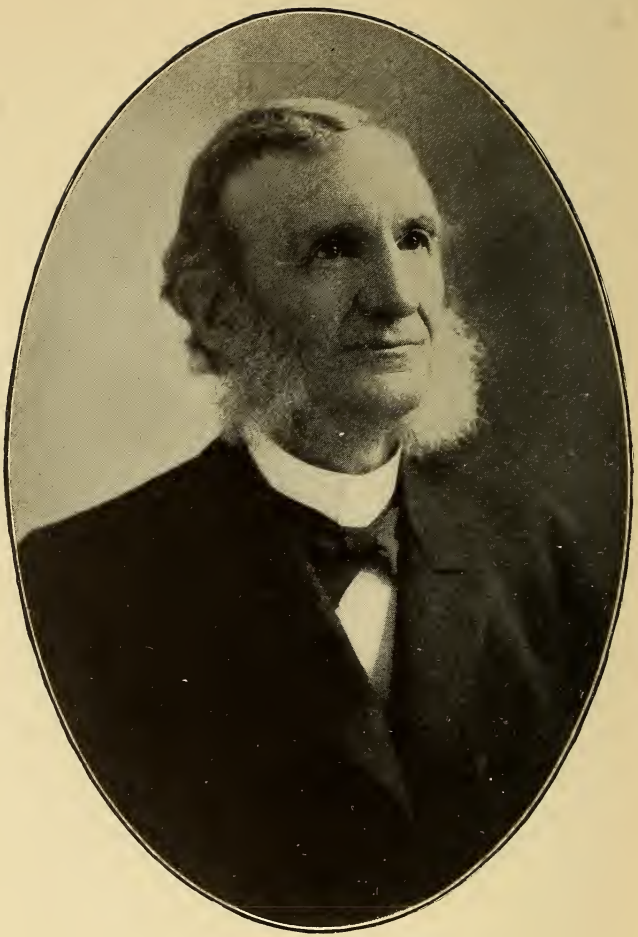

D. C. Knowles

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By

DANIEL CLARK KNOWLES

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The New Year	7
Lifework	10
Character-Building	11
Getting Light	13
Beliefs Important	15
Personal Effort	17
Flabby Wills	18
Self-Government	20
Getting the Grade	23
Family Duties	26
Veracity	29
Honesty	32
Manner	35
Observations on Building	37
The Value of Pain	39
Pemigewasset River	41
Winnipesaukee River	44
Discord	45
A Standard of Right Needed	48
The Standard of Right	50
The Sin of Neglect	55
Obeying Conscience	58
National Assimilation	61
Philosophy of Life	64
Training	67
Polish	70
Soul Soil	72
Seed Selection	74
Lofty Purposes	78
Light Insufficient	80
Defective Conscience	84
Right Revealed	87
Whence Comes Right?	89
The Soul's Majesty	92
False Teachers	95

PAGE

Worm Philosophy 98
True Science 100
Enthusiasm 105
A Steam Engine 108
Vocal Organs 110
Ivy Vines 112
Self-Mastery 114
A Genuine Life 118
Be Clean 121
Sunlight 125
Christmas 128
Faith 131
Solitude 134
How David Improved Solitude 138
Prayer 142
Muffled Sins 145
Parental Training 148
Silent Influences 151
Dark Days 153
Life's Dark Problems 155
Strong Characters 158
Love Triumphant 161
A Fad 163
The Plan of Life 166
Political Slavery 168
Prophecies 170
Seeking Truth 174
Gyroscope 177
Gravitation 179
Innocence and Guilt 182
Life Choices 185
Socialism 189
Politeness 193
Reverence 196
Self-Respect 200
Spiritual Force 202
The Great Consolation 205
In Memoriam 207

PREFATORY STATEMENTS

The talks that form the subject-matter of this book are selected from many others that were given Wednesday mornings to the students of Tilton Seminary. The speaker never anticipated their preservation in permanent form until urged to permit it by many friends and by a formal request from his Annual Conference. For some time a competent stenographer without his knowledge had taken these talks by request of the President of the school, and he was surprised to find them thus preserved.

Not a line was written beforehand, and they have undergone only a slight revision to insure accuracy and to eliminate some redundancies incident to extemporaneous speech. Otherwise they are printed just as they fell from his lips, which accounts for their conversational tone and directness of appeal.

With these explanatory remarks, these talks are put forth, like wireless telegrams, into the unknown, spiritual ether, with the hope that they may be caught up by some souls attuned to their message and be transmuted into holy character. It is because of this hope that the undersigned consents to their publication.

D. C. K.

CHAPEL TALKS

The New Year

I HAVE been connected with this institution for eighteen years, and I must frankly confess that I have never seen a more interesting sight than that which presents itself this morning. I have never seen so large a body of students gathered here; and looking into your faces it seems to me that there is brightness and earnestness that prophesies great things for this school through you.

You have come here from various homes, and each one of these homes represents, doubtless, a different ideal of life. Your training has not all been the same. You have had a mother's love and a father's care, and they have tried to do their duty, but they have not all had the same ideals of life, and they have not all trained their children in the same way. They have looked upon life with different eyes, and possibly have not all been actuated by the same purposes for their children; but you have gathered up their teachings, and you present yourselves here, having been taught some in one way and some in another.

Now, what will you do with yourselves? What will you do with the instructions of the past? You

have been taught to reverence your parents; to take their principles into your life, and to live by these parental instructions. Will you turn your back upon such influences? Will you forget the sweet, precious counsels of a loving mother? Will you adopt lower ideals of life? Will you learn to regard your parents as in some respects "old fogies," when they have taught you the higher interests of the soul? Sometimes that is the case when persons go away from home.

It is a crisis in any young life when it leaves its home for the first time. It may lead to a great improvement, and it may be the beginning of degeneration. When a boy leaves the sweet atmosphere of his fireside and goes to the city, who knows what will become of him when subject to the new surroundings? Will he fall under the power of evil associations, will he listen to evil counsels, will he learn to disregard the habits of his childhood—what will he do? That God only knows. Mother's prayers and mother's counsels may be despised when one goes away from home. You are in a measure, here, your own counselor—it must be so necessarily. You are surrounded by Christian influences, but you may reject them. Your sensibilities may become blunted. Conscience may be disregarded. You may go down, or you may go up. You may become better, or you may become worse. You may forget the instructions of childhood, you may cease to obey them, and accept other counsels

and other associations according to the changed tastes of your heart; or you may accept even better counsels and better instructions than even those of a loving mother.

Now, what shall it be? You are just beginning life. We shall have many things to say to you in the future. This is the key of all that we shall say: Be true always to your conscience. Be true to your sense of duty. If you have been beautifully trained in your home, let nothing come in in your school life to mar the refinement of your character, but become more conscientious, more beautiful in your conduct, more discreet, more ladylike, more gentlemanly in your bearing with others. Seek every day to build that kind of a character that will charm all who behold you, so that when you go home father and mother will say, "It has been a blessed thing for my boy, for my girl, to have gone to that school."

I was talking with an educator Monday morning, and he said to me, "I like to recommend your school. I cannot do that with all schools." Said he, "A father came to me a few days ago and said, 'My boy went to a certain institution; he has come back to me not as good as when he went.'" Now, that is an awful thing to say. Do not let it be said of any one of you. Here this morning vow to yourselves, "I will try to be true. I will be a comfort to my father and mother." At the very commencement of the year, may this be the purpose of your heart, and then you will gladden your home when

you return to it, improved, beautified, prepared for service.

Lifework

Have you ever noticed the varieties of engines used by railroad corporations? There's the express engine, light, graceful, built for speed and long runs; the freight engine, heavy, strong in every detail, constructed to draw long trains over difficult grades; the small, trim engine of light weight, adapted to run swiftly over short lines; and the shifter, an engine without a cowcatcher, used to make up trains in the yard and shift cars in a freight station.

How absurd it would be to put a great Mogul engine to do the work of a shifter, or a yard engine without a cowcatcher to haul express trains which require great speed! And isn't the same principle true of human society? God has fitted men for special tasks and occupations. They are built on different patterns for special work. Some are made light and versatile for swift service, others are ponderous and weighty to manage great and important interests of world-wide connections, while others still are fashioned for local duties.

Now, it is of supreme importance to us, young people, to find our true place in the world of action. Society is sadly out of joint for lack of proper adjustment. Many men are not in their right places. The shifter is trying to do the work of the express, and cannot make time, while many really great men

are doing small jobs in the little by-stations of the world.

This is preëminently true in public life. Our jingoism in Congress is largely due to noisy men of small caliber who have been elevated by machine politics into spheres for which God never intended them. Every department of social and public life is handicapped by the same mistakes.

How can this sad state of things be corrected? Only by a wise measuring of our own powers in early life. You young people ought to begin now the honest study of your natural aptitudes and powers and not despise the counsels of your elders.

Do not be in a hurry to decide your calling. Get a good equipment, a broad general education, as full and complete as your circumstances will permit, and if you are still in doubt, watch for the openings of Providence. And when the gates of opportunity swing open and you find yourself invited to some field of action, enter the open pathway without fear, give yourself to the task set before you with unreserved fidelity and self-consecration, and it will not be long before you will know God's plans for your earthly career.

Character-Building

A short time since, I called your attention to the construction of the steel towers of the new Brooklyn Bridge. I showed you how solidly they were built on foundations of rock, and how vividly they

illustrated the necessity of laying the basis of our lives on God's will.

But why build towers at all? I pointed out that their uses were to carry the superstructure of the bridge.

This morning I ask you to consider how that superstructure was erected, and learn some lessons from the process.

First the builders took over a little steel strand, not larger than a knitting needle; then another and another, and these they twisted into a small wire rope, and repeated the process until they had built up a large cable, six inches in diameter, and strong enough to bear the strain of a thousand tons. Other cables were constructed in the same manner, resting on these lofty towers until they were capable of supporting the vast floor over which should pass the living freight of a city's commerce.

Here, young people, you have a life lesson. Your character is like the Brooklyn Bridge. It is made of the tiniest strands twisted together. What are the strands? Thoughts, feelings, choices. These bring forth actions. Actions, repeated, form habits. Habits make the cables of character, and on these hang the issues of life.

In infancy you have no character. You have inherited tendences, but no character. Character is a product. Each soul builds it by its own conduct. You are now building a superstructure more lasting than the Brooklyn Bridge.

Yesterday I saw a boy on the street walking with his toes turned inward at an angle of forty-five degrees. I watched him eagerly to see if it was his natural gait, when I discovered he was doing it for fun. Now, that was a little thing, but it was a dangerous act. Repeated often enough, and he might have lost the grace and ease of his natural movement.

You are all builders. Every act of your lives is a strand in the formation of a character. You are making habits of thought, habits of feeling, habits of choice which will determine who you are. You are weaving a fabric for eternity; and I implore you to pause at the beginning of your school life here, and reflect on the importance of the work you are doing, and the necessity of listening to the counsels of experience.

Getting Light

Sometimes you go into your rooms at night and all is dark. There hangs your electric light over your table, but darkness reigns everywhere. This whole building might be full of electric fluid, but your room would be dark and gloomy until you turned the electric button. That little act would fill the room with light. Whether you sit in darkness or light depends on you.

So it is in our spiritual life. God gives us natural life without our effort, but spiritual life comes by a personal process.

There is spiritual life all about us. The world

is full of it, as it is full of God. The doctrine of the immanence of God is almost a fad in these days. It is a truth as old as Scripture, but how many disregard its realities! The Bible is full of spiritual life. And the universe may truly be said to be palpitating with spiritual life. But you and I can walk forever in spiritual darkness, unless we make a connection with this light by an act of ours.

What is that act? It is the intelligent choice of obedience to God's will. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." Any soul that honestly and completely resolves to be obedient to his Creator, by that act of supreme choice puts himself in connection with the spirit forces of the universe, turns the button in the lamp of life, and floods his soul with its rich illuminations.

That is what is meant by becoming a Christian. How simple the formula! All outward forms and ordinances may be valuable in their spheres, but this one act of the soul is the only necessitated condition of getting light.

What we all need to make life a success is spiritual light. Without it, we shall surely stumble in deepest darkness. Therefore, in your school days I urge you to make obedience to God the first law of your life; and whenever you go into your room and by a simple act let the electric fluid give you clear vision, remember the greater glory that will burst upon you if, by your own free choice, you

throw yourself in fullest submission at the feet of your Lord.

Beliefs Important

You have heard it said, "It does not matter what a man believes, provided he is sincere, honest." Now that sounds very beautiful, but no falser statement was ever uttered than that. It is a very dangerous one. Let me repeat it. It is said, "It does not matter what a man believes, provided he is sincere in his convictions."

Yesterday a man paid an awful penalty for an awful crime. Now, I am not certain but that man was sincere in his anarchical sentiments. I am not certain but those principles born of hate and envy and jealousy, born of a wicked disposition, were imbibed by the assassin of President McKinley, and held sincerely. In a certain sense, at any rate, he has held to them to the last, and has seemed to feel that he has done just right. He believed that it did not matter whether there was government or not; he believed that law was wrong; he believed that all in authority were tyrants, and acting on that belief became a murderer. He was surrounded from his childhood with the atmosphere of the rum shop. He had been a saloon keeper. So had his father. Grown up in that atmosphere, he accepted these anarchical principles and held them as right. And what was the result? Crime, murder, and an awful penalty.

If you accept an error you have to pay for it.

Somewhere in life it will bring its appropriate results. It will bring sadness to you and suffering. If you find out the truth, if you receive the truth and live by it, inevitably it will bring its proper consequences—innocency, purity, everlasting life.

Now, do not accept that false sentiment. It is of the utmost importance that you and I should find out truth, especially moral and spiritual truth. We need a teacher who can speak from God, for God, and speak as God; and, thank God, we have it. You and I can imbibe the teachings of Jesus Christ, and when we have mastered them and understood them we can be certain that we have eternal truth; and when we accept those teachings as the convictions of our life and fashion our characters by them, inevitably there will result everlasting life.

You can take the opinions of men, the strange and devious instructions of human philosophy, but you are going to have inevitably a twisted, contorted character. You have all the consequences of false convictions. I wish to impress upon you this morning the necessity of finding truth, especially truth as to duty, truth as to our relations to the Infinite, truth as to our relations to society, truth as to our relations to each other and to ourselves, and if you master that truth and live by it, inevitably there will work out a character that will delight God and man.

I was impressed with that thought yesterday, the

day of the doom of that misguided man. He got into bad society. He imbibed bad principles. He committed crime as the result of those principles. He has suffered the penalty. And so shall we if we adopt erroneous sentiments and hold to them. However sincere, however honest we may be, we cannot escape the results. They will leave their mark on us. They will shape our dispositions and characters wrongfully because they are wrong in themselves.

O, it is of infinite consequence what are the convictions of our minds, what are the beliefs of our souls. A false belief may not ruin us forever, but it will leave a scar, it will take away perfection in conduct and spirit, it will work out its bad results.

Personal Effort

If you had a bushel of corn in your woodshed and you left it there, you would never expect a crop of corn. That corn might be the very best in quality, every grain might have in it the potency of life; but you know very well that if you did not take it out, and put it into the ground where the sun could warm it, and the rains water it, you could never get any harvest.

Now, you may have the very best of wishes in your soul. You may wish to be a good scholar. You may long to know all in the text-books, but if you do not do anything more than that, you know you will never be a scholar. It is a great thing to

have good wishes—they are the seeds of the soul; but if you do not do anything with them, how are you going to get a crop of character?

If I should go through this school and talk with each individual, I have no doubt if you spoke your honest sentiments, every one of you would say to me, "I would like to be a scholar. I would like to know my text-books. I would prefer to be bright rather than dull, wise rather than stupid." There is not one of you but would talk that way. But you know that will not make you a scholar. You have to go to work, you must do something, you have to put that seed in good soil, in proper environment.

Now, take this little simple lesson home with you. Don't forget it. When you want to do anything that is just right, when the heart yearns for it, that is the good seed; but the soul has to say, "What must I do now to get a harvest? What must I do? I must do something—I must! I must get right at it." If you want to be a good Christian, you must arise and say, "God helping me, I will—I will, now." "I want to be better; I will, I *will* put forth the effort just now." That is the way to grow. That is the way to get a hundredfold of harvest, and there isn't any other.

Flabby Wills

There is a disease common to human beings, or to some at least, that is not mentioned in medical books. It is not peculiar to any particular season

of the year, but is greatly aggravated when the springtime comes. It is not a disease of the body at all—it is a disease of the soul. But its symptoms are always manifest in the body.

There is an expressive word in the English language that reveals what that disease is—and that word is *slouchy*. I have seen that disease in chapel in days gone by. A boy comes in, and instead of sitting down as if he mastered himself, held himself under the control of his intelligent spirit, he slides down into his seat—sits down like a burst bag of sand. I have seen, sometimes, a boy coming into class and instead of marching like a masterful soul to his seat, he would throw himself down, or fall down, or half lie down, as if he had no command of his muscles. It is the flabbiness of the will that I am talking about—a slouchy method of acting or moving.

Now, that is a very serious disease for anyone to have. I call your attention to it. I have noticed it in some of our classes. It is rather painful to see. It is contagious somewhat by its example. Let us get command of ourselves while we are young.

Military discipline is not a bad thing in some respects. If you were to visit West Point you would see that the cadets, when they go to the blackboard to recite a proposition in geometry, or some other mathematical proposition, all stand erect. They are required to. Every movement is graceful. Their heels must be put together; and they

stand precisely like the man who led the Boston Symphony Orchestra a few days since—did you notice how firm he stood in his tracks—his back was turned to you, but did you see what a military air he had? He had command of himself. There was not a bit of slouchiness about his movements. It would not be allowed in West Point.

This flabbiness of the will is a serious symptom. Please remember that education is not simply getting facts out of books; it is getting self-mastery, it is doing away with that native flabbiness of the soul, it is getting command of the body, it is holding ourselves in reserve under control of an intelligent will. Let us make it a part of our school system. See now when you go into the classes and sit down in your seat that you sit down—do not fall down, or lie down. When you come into the chapel, walk in with a firm step—do not come in in a slouching way.

When the spring comes this disease is greatly aggravated. It assumes a form of laziness, general laziness everywhere. O, let us banish it from our school!

Self-Government

One great duty to ourselves is that of self-government. When we are little we are governed by our parents—or ought to be—because we do not know enough to govern ourselves. As we grow up we are partly governed by parents and teachers and partly by ourselves; but there comes a time when

we are thrown out for self-government. God will advise, instruct, and command, but he will not govern. He leaves that to you and me.

How shall we govern ourselves? What shall be the principle? What force shall direct the will, or if not govern it, at least direct it in its choices? Shall we be governed by the lower or the higher nature? Shall we be governed by appetite, by desires, or by conscience, by prudence, by right? That is the question that we decide. O, how many there are who choose to be ruled by appetite, and ruin themselves! How many there are who are governed by their desires, and ruin themselves! How many are governed by conscience and right, willingly and freely? That is the question.

It does not make any difference to a barrel of flour when it is transported from the West to the East, whether it stands on its bottom or on its top. The flour will come through just the same. It does not make any difference which side is up. But there are some boxes that you see in transportation that have marked on them, "Glass—this side up with care." It is a serious matter for that box to be turned upside down—the valuables in it may be broken, destroyed. Just so with you and me. God has stamped on us, "A man, a moral being, this side up with care." It is written on all our souls. And when you are governed by appetite or desire or your lower nature you are turned upside down, and ruin is the result. God made man to be governed

by his conscience—this side up always with care. He has written that on the soul.

What is it to get religion? It is to be put right side up. What is it to be a Christian? It is to be right side up—it is to be governed by conscience and duty, rather than appetite or desire.

Do you remember in the Scriptures it tells us about the rude people of a certain city saying, "The men who are turning the world upside down are come hither, also?" What were Paul and his companions doing? Getting men right side up—that was all. This poor world is turned upside down—the mass of men are governed by appetite, selfishness, unholy desire. God wants them to be governed by conscience, and to choose freely to control themselves by these principles of duty and right. And that is what is going on in the world. That is what Christ came to accomplish. That is what Christianity means—simply rectifying the evil of man and bringing him to his right relations, so that that which is marked, "A moral being—this side up with care," shall be carried through life the right side up. And that comes from our choice. By what are we governed, you and I? It is a serious question this morning.

And after we get right side up, it is not a very impossible thing for us to turn ourselves back. A man who has been governed by his own free choice, by conscience, may, under temptation, by the exercise of that same free choice, turn himself upside

down and reverse the order and be governed by appetite, and ruin his own soul. Therefore every choice has in it a fearful responsibility.

Therefore, how shall we keep ourselves right side up? How shall we control this lower nature? By the conscience and the principles of righteousness. Just one secret we have to observe, and that is, take care of your thinking. A defiled imagination will invert the order of life very quickly. If you think good thoughts, if you love to obey the principles of righteousness, if you are ardent students of God's holy commandments, if you love the right, if you seek it, if you think about these things and act in harmony with them, you will always be right side up. But if you let your thoughts go, if you do not hold your thoughts to the best, it will not be long before you will be inverted, and ruin will follow.

Getting the Grade

I am now talking to you about duties to yourself. Let us begin right.

The first duty man owes to himself is to fix his grade on which to build his character. Many years ago this town was started without any grade. A few years ago it was proposed to concrete Main Street, and an engineer was secured who fixed the grade of the village. If you will go down opposite the bank you will see a house that is below grade—the street is higher than the first floor of the house; to get into the house you have to go down. The

grade was not fixed, and the foundations of the house were laid too low.

Some of you may know that the city of Chicago is built on a plane, almost as level as this floor; and when they came to put in sewerage, the grade of the city was so low for sewerage that they had to raise the whole city, and before they concreted the streets they raised every house. They would put numberless jacks under blocks—whole blocks of brick buildings—and raise them up from five to ten feet, so that all of Chicago has been lifted up, at great expense, because the grade was not fixed right.

You and I are building characters for eternity. Let us be sure we fix the grade where God intended it should be put before we begin to build. God fixed the grade when he made Adam. Adam began to build on the grade God had set for him; but he sinned, and brought his grade down into the mud; and from that hour the whole race has been building on the mud, rather than on God's grade.

What is conversion? It is getting back on God's grade—that is all. It is lifting up the character so that we can build ourselves on the grade that our heavenly Father has established. What is that grade? It is this—Jesus has set it: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy might, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." That is the grade for humanity, for the race.

It is the misfortune of almost all of us that when

we come into this world we pay no attention to the grade He has established—we begin to build our character without regard to our heavenly Father's will and command. We build on the low grade of selfishness—each man seeks his own pleasure rather than the love of our Father and the love of our neighbor. We adopt the maxim, "Look out for No. 1—build your character for yourself, without regard to your neighbor." That is what is the matter with the world. And you will never get rid of your labor problems, these unions will never do right, until men begin to build where God intended they should build—on the high grade of love to God and love to man.

What does the human race need? It needs to be lifted up, like Chicago. The race is building down in the mire. We need to build our characters upon the high grade that God has established, and then we will be right, and the sorrows of the world will, in great measure, pass away.

Who can raise us up? You might as well say that a man can lift himself up by taking hold of his boot straps, as to say that a man can lift himself up to the grade that God has ordained. You must get God under you. The Holy Spirit must lift you up, just as the jacks raised those great buildings in Chicago. God alone is adequate to do that. O, if we could take every child born into this world, and by instruction and prayer and the Divine Spirit could get every child lifted up to the level of love,

and build his subsequent character on that high level, what a transformation in society! The kingdom of Jesus would be established, and the millennial hour would be here.

The first duty that you and I owe to ourselves is this—to fix the grade of life; and that grade is just what Jesus has told us, and I have told you—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Are we building on that grade? If so, all subsequent activities will be on the right line. Behold, the beautiful edifice of a human character will be erected that will be a joy to ourselves and to the angels forever.

Family Duties

Duties to others! Let us look at family relations, and see what is the duty of the various members of the household to each other. What are the duties of children to their parents? To obey them, to honor them, to love them, to help them in old age, to live for their comfort, to be grateful to them for all that they have done—in other words, to be filial and noble children.

What is the duty of parents to their children? That is the main subject of the morning. A parent's duty is to care for the little ones in their helplessness, to give them food, raiment, shelter, and love; to give them as good an education as they can afford; to care for them wisely, treating them as moral beings, teaching them their relations to

their God, training them up to piety—all these are recognized as the duties of parents.

But I want to speak to you of one particular duty that is too often disregarded, and that is this: No parent is a wise parent who does not teach his children to work. Work is God's colaborer in salvation. When man became rebellious God cursed the ground for man's sake, and said, "Now you must eat of the fruit thereof by the sweat of your brow; that is your only hope." And parents sometimes forget God's method of saving their children. A few days ago a young man was married in Newport. When he went to get his certificate—on that certificate there was put down, "What is your occupation?"—he wrote "Gentleman." Had he written "A nuisance" it would have been truer. What he meant by that was that he was a man who does not work, and hence he called himself a gentleman. As if a man who works is not a gentleman!

Some years ago I was talking with a father who was almost broken-hearted over the waywardness of his boy, and he wanted to know what I should advise him to do. "Put him to work," said I; "make him earn his bread." "O," said he, "he would not stand that!" I suppose he thought he would run away. Well, I would have let him run until he suffered the pangs of the stomach.

Now, a parent's duty to a child when he is little is to teach him to sweep the barn, or to cultivate a garden, and get some sweat out of his brow; or, if

it be a girl, to wash the dishes, to help her mother, and not to sit in the parlor, or flaunt her ribbons and her stunning hats on the street when her mother is toiling for her happiness. That is a poor kind of training. And a parent who will permit his children to grow up in that way does not do his duty to them.

I know a very wise man who when his children were sent away to school said to the head of the institution, "I do not want you to have any trouble with my boys. If they do wrong, send them to me and I will put them to the plow. I do not want them to trouble you." Now, if parents would talk that way there might be fewer in school, but those who were would be of such noble caliber that our schools would become famous the world over for their product.

We have too much money in this country, I fear, for the country's good. Multitudes of our boys and girls are simply going to the bad who might be saved by losing a little honest sweat out of their brows. There are homes—homes of wealth and culture—out of which come splendid, trained character—educated young women who go into the slums of the city and work to bless somebody, to help the poor and the fallen. They do not sit down in the parlor and say, "I have nothing to do." I know a young lady who belonged to a wealthy family, and when she had graduated she said to her parents, "I want to become a trained nurse." They

did not think that that was just adapted to her position in the world, and they forbade her, until she began to decline in health because they would not let her enter into the work she wanted to do. Finally they realized what the trouble was, and that the only hope of saving her life was to allow her to take up her chosen work, and they said to her, "You may go." And she entered a hospital as a nurse, and there she toiled in the most repulsive drudgery until she became trained in nursing, and she became a splendid specimen of womanhood.

Let us never despise toil—it is God's method of saving men. If we had to earn the money that we put into our athletic sports there would be less sport, but more manhood—wouldn't there? Some of our young people have too much pocket money; we know too little its value because we have not earned it. Tell your parents what I am saying about it—that wisdom requires that they train their children to honest toil.

Veracity

Forty years ago I wrote in an album, "Duty is a charmed word." I saw that not long ago. It was the great preacher Robertson who said, "When the world begins to stop talking about its rights and begins to talk about its duties, then the new age will come."

We are talking about duties to others now. And one of the most important duties to others is to tell the truth. We have had in ethics the subject of

veracity, the necessity of telling the truth. O, if we could only get a conception of what would be the condition of human society if all men were continually downright liars, we would then appreciate what truth is, and its great importance and value.

What is a commercial panic? It is the loss of all confidence in each other. No man knows whether his neighbor can pay his debts or not. When we lose all confidence in each other's ability or disposition to pay debts, then we are in a panic. Suppose there was this condition in society—that no man had any confidence whatever in his neighbor's word; a promise was not worth anything; a word had no truth in it that you could rely upon—what would be the condition of society? It would go to pieces; no man could be happy, because he could have no confidence in anybody. Can you conceive such a condition of things? Now, truth-telling does away with all that. When we tell the truth we have faith in each other, and rest on each other's word. This is the social bond.

Now, it is more natural for men to tell the truth than it is to tell lies. People usually tell the truth when they are talking, unless they are tempted by some apparent present advantage, or to avert some personal loss, to do otherwise. Take away temptation and people usually tell the truth. It is only under temptation, therefore, that we tell falsehoods. We assume that we may get some benefit by falsifying, and then we lie to bring it about.

Some of you may not stop to think just what lying is. You do not look on it as something that God hates with perfect hatred, and will not forgive without deepest penitence. You are not always required to speak, but when you do speak you are required to cleave to the truth. Jesus did not always speak when he was questioned. You read when he was before Herod, Herod began to ask him questions and he would not say a word to him. He was not required to speak, but had he spoken he would have told the truth in perfection. So you and I are not always required to speak, but when we open our lips let us be like our Christ in that we never prevaricate or for any reason tell what is not so.

Now, you may start all sorts of casuistic questions. You may ask me, "Do you mean to say that under any circumstances conceivable a man should never tell a falsehood?" Well, what do you want to ask such a question as that for? I want to know if people ask such questions without the purpose to excuse themselves when they lie. Why not put it the other way: Is there any conceivable situation wherein I am privileged to lie? Well, I tell you it is a pretty perilous thing to answer that question with a "Yes." And we ought to hesitate long before we give a permanent answer to that question. If there be such a case, it is a very extreme one, almost excluding the idea of sanity in our intercourse with each other. Let us lay down this principle now. Let us put the standard where God puts

it. Eternal truth is a glory to a soul, because it is Godlike.

In a school like this there may be false standards of truthfulness; and I do not know but you may have one here and think you are free and pure because you act out the standard of the school, rather than the standard that God sets up. I beg of you, do not take any human standard as the law of your conduct. If you do you will imperil your character. Take God's standard and cleave to the truth; and if you do that, even though you suffer loss, there will be no mark on your soul. It is your duty to your fellow men to do that, because if lying becomes a habit of the community, farewell to confidence, farewell to social peace, farewell to highest character and perfect Christianity.

Do not be misled by false reasoning. Be as true as your God to yourself, to your conscience, and the end will be peace within.

Honesty

One of the great duties to others is to be honest. Honesty concerns the payment of debts. An honest man will always pay his debts if he can. Sometimes he cannot; and he may suffer fully as much as anybody else when that is the case. But when a man can, his first duty to others is to pay his debts; and one of the most serious things in life is this, that a good many people are not honest. They count themselves smart if they can get out of such

obligations. What if all men were dishonest? What would become of society, what would be the condition of the business world?

The facts are, that the great majority of men are honest, and do pay their debts, especially to individuals.

Conscience is a queer thing, isn't it? A man who will pay his debts with scrupulous honesty to individuals will sometimes not pay his debts to a corporation. Isn't that queer? He will have a conscience very keen about any obligation to an individual, but when it comes to a debt to a railroad company, or a debt to a town, or to the government, he counts himself smart if he can get out of it. This is a curious specimen of conscience. But is that man an honest man? Will not an honest man pay his debts to a corporation just as quickly as to an individual? He will. And yet somehow there has grown up in society a feeling that a debt to a corporation is not as great an obligation as to an individual. It ought not to be so. There are multitudes of men who would not cheat a fellow man out of a penny, but they will cheat the government every time they can. What about paying taxes? It is said that the conscience of the public is perverted as to honesty with reference to the government, in that multitudes of men will not permit their property to be taxed as it ought to be. Men take oaths, when they are called for, as to the amount of property they may possess. 'Tis true they may set one

valuation and the selectmen may set another on real estate. This is a matter to be settled, but when a man hides honest property that he ought to be taxed for, he is not an honest man. That man may pay every penny he owes to an individual, or to a firm, but when he cheats the government he shows that there is something wrong in his training.

It is astonishing how many have to suffer on account of the dishonesty of others. Do you know that I am compelled to pay more money for my food because of the rascals that won't pay their bills? Do you know, in doing business, men in the grocery business and in other legitimate businesses expect that they are going to lose from bad debts about so much money—they expect that they will meet with dishonest men who will not pay—and they assess that percentage of dishonest debts on those who do pay. That is the way they do business. I do not mean to say that that is not honest. I mean to say that business men do that as a matter of business. Now, an honest man has to help pay the debts of a dishonest man. Therefore dishonesty affects everybody. That shows how necessary honesty is in a community, and how honest men are affected by the dishonesty of others. O for straightforward, honest dealings, man with man!

Now, boys and girls, do not fall into the habit of neglecting little debts as of no importance; for when one does that he may do it all through life, and that is a dishonest course. Let us be honest. Let us

make it a part of our education that we will intentionally do no wrong to anybody. Being dishonest is a wrong to the world, to ourselves, and to God. Let us be honest.

Manner

The word "manners" is very broad in its application. It takes in the whole field of etiquette; but the word "manner" is more specific. Every individual carries around with him a manner. There is a charm in manner that no language can express. It is silent power.

You cannot define or describe the ineffable beauty of a morning. You can feel it, but you cannot tell what it is. You do not know why it is so beautiful and pleasing to you—you know it is pleasing. When you see the sparkle of the sunlight on a lake you are delighted, but you cannot tell why. When you see the bloom on a peach it charms you, but you cannot describe it so that another can feel precisely your feelings. The sheen on a leaf, flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, is something exceedingly enjoyable.

So there is a charm in manner that cannot be told in speech—it can be felt by the spirit. You know what it is—it is a delicate, beautiful reserve. It is not pride, though it is akin to it. It is far distant from anything like haughtiness—it does not originate in the aristocracy of blood; it is the beautiful, sweet, fragrant atmosphere of a splendid personality. Manner is that delicate reserve in ladyhood,

in a gentleman, that you and I ought to cultivate in all our social relations. It is born of self-respect. It comes from the conviction, "I was made for a great destiny, I am called to associate with the angels and the archangels, and to stand face to face at last with God himself." It is that conviction that ennobles one's personality—makes us feel that we are in the world not for show, but for splendid service. O, the charm of manner that persons can throw about themselves by that holy reserve, that sacred, delicate reserve, that is always the mark of splendid character! I want you to cultivate it; I want you to cultivate that.

You can destroy it by familiarity, by boldness. O, womanhood, when you are bold and familiar, you are weak, you lose your power. It is only in that holy reserve that you become beautifully attractive to every thoughtful soul. If, when you are bold and familiar and can stare a boy out of countenance, if you only knew what the boys say about you when they talk with each other, you would hide your face in your handkerchief. It is this beautiful reserve that you should cultivate in all your social life in school, and then that charm will come forth like a fragrant atmosphere, delighting everyone.

Young man, I say the same to you—don't you become too familiar. Throw about yourself this delicate reserve if you want to be respected and to respect yourself. When you throw that away, you

are touched with soiled fingers, and your soul has the imprint of it.

The charge is brought against the American public school system that it destroys that charm. Now, I do not believe that is necessary, and yet it is one of the perils of the associations of the sexes. Let us guard it, let us guard it here. Never permit your soul to be touched by a soiled hand—never! Preserve the sweetness, the simplicity, the charm of purity and reserve, womanliness and gentlemanliness; and then in future years God will bless you, and the memory of your school days will be precious.

Observations on Building

It is with great satisfaction that we see this new building going up. I trust you will learn some lessons that you ought to learn in seeing these walls rising. See how carefully these men lay the brick! In the first place, go around and see them make the mortar. How diligently they work it over until it comes to the proper consistency! Note the sand, how sharp it is—it takes sharp sand to make good mortar. The mortar must be in a perfect condition in order to have a perfect building. But after the mortar is made and carried to the mason, see how carefully he lays the brick. How carefully he squares the walls! He takes brick by brick, and examines it to see if it is good, puts it in its place, taps it a little with his trowel to get it in a perfect location. See how plumb he lays the brick. He is

an expert; he is a master at his business. His work proves it.

What lessons should come from those walls? Do you know you also are builders, and that your building will not perish? This one will go down some time. It may stand here a hundred years, three hundred for aught we know—if you do not tear it down with your gymnastics—but the building that you are constructing will stand forever. That makes it very important that you should put it up plumb. You are building a character. Are you careful to lay it right? Have you got your foundation secure? Are you building on the great corner stone, Jesus Christ? Are you careful to select those thoughts that will be a joy to you forever? Are you careful to cultivate those affections that bind those thoughts together as the mortar binds the brick? Are you careful in the building of your character that it be in perfect harmony with the laws of righteousness? How is it?

Now, here is something for you to think of every time you are around that gymnasium. Do not forget what I say this morning. Watch the building—learn the lesson. You are builders together with God of a building that will live forever, to be a source of joy or wretchedness to you. How careful ought you to be, how joyful in the work! Do not take it hard, take it joyfully—only be sure that you are building according to the principles of that Book. And then it will all come out right.

The Value of Pain

There is nothing that God has made that has not value. We may not always understand its purpose; we may not know what the value is; we may fail to appreciate it; but let this eternal truth be spoken—there is nothing that God has made that has not value.

That was a wonderful statement in the first chapter of Genesis—when God had finished his creation he looked upon it and pronounced it good—good for its purpose. He had an end in the creation of everything that he made, and if that object, whatever it be, or that force, be kept within that boundary, working out those ends, it is good, it has value. Beauty has value. God made beauty. We may not always understand its purpose, but it has value. Health has value—we know it, we appreciate that. But it is not everyone who regards pain as having value, and yet we found yesterday, in our class in psychology, that pain was benevolent; that it was the gift of God to man; that suffering is a mark of divine love to humanity.

What is pain? It is the product of something out of order. When you overdo and become weary and exhausted, that feeling that is so disagreeable and painful to you indicates, "Now is the time to stop; lie down; rest, and sleep." When you are sick in some organ, God has ordained that pain should speak to you and say, "Now take care; get the physician; heal the disease, or it will ruin you."

Suppose in such circumstances God had never implanted these disagreeable feelings in us, we would go on to our death unwarned.

The same is true of the soul. When the soul has done wrong and is sick, God has ordained that conscience should torment it. There is no pain like the pain of the guilty soul; but that pain is benevolent. It says to the soul, "Get rid of that folly; turn away from that sin," so that the pangs of conscience are benevolent, a mark of the goodness of our God. Now, you cannot speak of anything that God has made that is not good—even the poisons have their uses. They may destroy us if they are taken out of their place and put to false purposes, but they have their uses. Alcohol has its use—to pickle snakes and beetles in the laboratory and museum; but it ought not to pickle human beings. It has its uses as a stimulant also, and so with all other poisons. The difficulty is, we take them out of their just relations and use them as God never intended, and we have to suffer for it.

Now, there is one thing that has no value in it. That one thing is sin. That brings death. God never made it. Man made it. I do not care what philosophy you accept, God will never rightly be accused of creating sin. He gave us free power, moral agency, and he told us not to misuse those powers; but man did, and created sin. That is reasonable; that is biblical; that is eternal truth. There is one thing that has no value, that leads only to de-

struction—it is disobedience to God's law, which is sin.

Now, there is a philosophy that teaches that God created sin. John Fiske states that positively in his theory of evolution. We deny it. God spurns it. All such philosophy as that is an impeachment of the divine wisdom and goodness. Sin is a nuisance that man made by the abuse of his free power, and any other philosophy is false, and ought to be spurned from all human belief.

There is another phase to this subject of values, and I propose in a few days to put before you its infinite importance to you and me; but I want to reiterate that everything that God has made has its intrinsic value. It is good for its purpose. God has so indorsed it in his written Word; but there is one thing that God did not make and has no value. It is disobedience to the divine will. O, let us learn that lesson in our youth!

Pemigewasset River

Poor Penigewasset! It has a sad history. It is a peculiar river. Some of us are acquainted with its aberrations and its great defects. It rises under the solemn countenance of the Old Man of the Mountains, in the Profile Notch, or away up in the east branch. It drains all the springs of the White Mountains. Sometimes it almost declines to flow at all, and then again it goes on a rampage, gets intoxicated, and is full to the banks; sometimes fuller

than the banks, and carries out bridges and cuts up didoes in general. A terrible history has the Pemigewasset.

What is the matter with the Pemigewasset? It does not control itself. It is subject to floods and great depressions; drains too much water in the springtime, brings down too much of a flood, and tears things to pieces. It is a symbol of destruction and despair—that is the character of the river.

Now, it is just like a boy or a girl who does not control himself or herself. A boy who does not control his appetites and does not master his desires, who is carried away by a flood of feeling, impulse, is the Pemigewasset in experience. How many there are who go to pieces in life! I have looked on that Pemigewasset and I have seen it at its best and at its worst. What the river needs is something to control it. It needs to have its resources stored up. It is subject to fits and floods.

Just so it is with poor, weak human nature. What are you here for, this spring term? To strengthen your wills, so that you can control the springs of action. What are the springs of action? Ask the ethics class of last term. They have passed a good examination on the springs of action, and they tell me that the springs of action are appetites, desires, and affections—the feelings of the soul, or the impulses of the flesh. Now, when these rise to a flood and sweep away the will, they lead to ruin. Appetites, desires, affections, swollen to a flood,

sweep away all obstructions and carry ruin in their path.

Now, let's begin the spring term with the determination that we will control these fountains of feeling, these desires, whatever they may be; that we will master and regulate ourselves. We will not be like the river Pemigewasset, that carries ruin; but we will rule ourselves, and move forward to efficient and productive activity. Can't it be so? Remember that river. O, I sometimes think the Old Man of the Mountain sheds tears in abundance when the rains fall on his brow, as he looks southward down the Pemigewasset valley, and sees the river at flood, carrying destruction in its path. He is the guardian of that river, and his cheeks are often wet with tears as he sees the river overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges, etc. Do not let it be said of us, we are like that river, too weak to control ourselves.

How do we get strength of will to master these forces within us? Hard study, let me tell you, hard study will give it. If you have power to sit down to a task that you do not like, enough will force to say, "I will get that lesson, though I had rather be playing ball. I will master myself, though I should like to be out of doors breathing the fresh air, but I will get this lesson. I do not like it, but I will get this lesson"—if you can do that, sit in your chair and say that, you will achieve a great victory. You will get a self-mastery that will be very useful to

you everywhere in life. You may think, "O, this is such a hard lesson!" Yes, but these lessons do bring will power and self-control. Will power means success. Let us, then, remember, at the beginning of this term, the first thing we have to do is to get strength enough of will to get a hard lesson when we do not want to.

Winnipesaukee River

In the census of the United States of 1880 there is quite a large space given to a discussion of the Winnipesaukee River. It says it is one of the most remarkable rivers in the United States, and gives the reasons. It is a river that never has a destructive freshet when it has high water; it is a river that has its source in a lake, with the great advantage that its source is dammed up and under the control of human direction, so that the water is drawn according to necessity. That river is the source of power in Tilton, in Franklin, in Manchester. It is the pride and the source of wealth of Lowell and of Lawrence. It is this river that makes the Merrimac useful—one of the most important rivers in the country.

Now, compare the Pemigewasset and the Winnipesaukee. The one, as we have seen, is destructive for lack of control; the other is a constant source of power and utility. The Winnipesaukee, therefore, becomes the type of true manhood. Look at it, this Winnipesaukee! Look at the great lake stored

above us, say twenty miles long—all its resources drawn upon at the pleasure of man. Look at the constant power that flows through this village, turning its mills and producing those fabrics that add to the world's wealth. What have you got? A river that is the type of a useful manhood.

Now, when is a man useful? When he has great resources, and uses those resources for the well-being of his fellow men. What is an education? It is a storing up of power. It is making in a human soul a Lake Winnipesaukee; storing up forces for usefulness, to be called upon in speech and action, forces that are controlled, regulated, mastered. This river produces no destructive freshets. A true man injures nobody, but blesses everybody.

Now, you have your choice—which will you be? —a bad man? Who is a bad man? A bad man is one who is a torrent, like the Pemigewasset, an uncontrolled pressure of force—or a nobody, just as the Pemigewasset is, dried up to a little rivulet, with no power in it, or else a sweeping demon of destruction. That is the type of a bad man—uncontrolled and uncontrollable. The Winnipesaukee is the type of a man whose spirit has been filled with true and noble impulses and ideals and useful forces, and who, controlling himself, uses his life to bless the world.

Discord

What delightful music we heard yesterday, what harmony we listened to from this platform! Now

suppose that that harp had had a broken string, that those instruments had not been tuned. What would you have said? What would you have done? You would have said, "Let me get out of this," and you would have gone. You would not have been held in this hall breathless for an hour—those discords would have pained you and you would have fled from them.

What a lesson! Put yourself in the place of the Master of music, the infinite God who made you, and who gave the possibilities of harmony to his creatures. Put yourself in his place and listen to the infinite harmonies of this universe—the praises of the stars, of the sun, of the planets, of the trees, and of the winds—and then catch the discord coming from human hearts. Think of it, will you? One of God's greatest creatures out of harmony, out of tune—selfish, Godless, destroying all the music of the universe by our painful discords! O, don't you see how necessary it is that we should be attuned to the infinite worship of God? Don't you see why Bethlehem brought its Child, and why Calvary had its cross, and why the Son of God came into this world to tune all hearts to his praise? Let me read you a few lines expressive of this sentiment:

> Blue eyes blurred with weeping,
> How ye hurt the grace
> Of untroubled twilights,
> Night's unwrinkled face!

Still the boughs of April
  Greet their annual guests,
Still the newborn singers
  Stir a thousand nests.

Brooks and fields and pastures
  Always seem so glad!—
O, how strange that only
  You and I are sad!

Yes, how strange that discord
  Is a *human* thing,
That God's orchestra can play
  With one broken string!

Though the other instruments,
  Joined in faultless tune,
Render perfect symphonies,
  Winter, Stars, and June,

Inharmonious music
  From this human lyre
Smites the ear of angels
  And condemns the choir.

Master of the players,
  In whose smile is fame,
Spoilt is all our music—
  Hearken to our shame!—

Once again these broken
  Harps of clay employ;
Tune them to Thy glory
  In the key of joy!

Then shall pass from memory
  This discordant din
Which disturbs Creation—
  Sorrow, Care, and Sin.

Then shall rise forever
From the cloud and clod
Love's majestic chorus—
"We rejoice, O God!"

A Standard of Right Needed

I suppose every one of you carries a watch. A watch is a necessity. Almost everyone possesses one, and I call your attention to this remarkable fact, that if you were to compare your watches this morning, I doubt if any two of them would be exactly alike. The other day in my house the clock downstairs struck one time, upstairs another, and my watch differed from both. There was a variation of from five to ten minutes in these timepieces. And you will find that same variation in your timepieces. The other day my watch reported five o'clock and the clock on the tower here had struck five or six minutes before. What are we going to do about it? These watches vary, for various reasons. They are all imperfect, possibly, because of dust in them which impedes the play of the mechanism. Suppose you suspect your watch is not right. Are you going to regulate it by your chum's watch? That may be more wrong than yours. We need a standard of time somewhere. Have we such a standard of time? Yes. The government gives it to us every day at half past twelve o'clock. An automatic standard of time strikes the Congregational bell down in the tower, and that gives us the absolute time for this Eastern section of our coun-

try. Yesterday I compared my watch by it and my watch was twenty seconds fast. The bell rang about two minutes late by the standard time this morning for chapel. We must regulate our watches by the standard time in order to know where we are. Do you know that there is not a railroad in this country but demands of its engineers and its operatives that they shall regulate their watches every day by a standard of time? No engineer would think of going out of the depot on a run without first seeing that his watch was absolutely right, lest there be some fearful accident.

God has put in your soul a wonderful piece of spiritual mechanism that we call conscience. Conscience says to us, to every one of us, "You ought to do right, you ought." It won't vary in that statement—"You ought to do right." You hear it. There is in your soul this morning that voice—"You ought to do right." But if I were to take a particular case of conduct and ask any two of you, I doubt if you would agree. There are those whose consciences are so irregular and so haphazard in action that what one says is right another says is wrong. We cannot trust our consciences any more than you can trust your watch. What shall we do, therefore? Are we permitted to go through this world ignorant of the right—one conscience saying one thing and another another thing? O, no! It is your duty and my duty to ourselves to regulate our conscience by some absolute standard of right. Just as the en-

gineer sees that his watch is absolutely correct every day by the designated standard of time, so it is your duty and my duty to see that our conscience answers the question, What is right by an absolute standard that will make no mistake? What is that standard? Where shall we find it? You can regulate your watch by the half past twelve o'clock stroke on the bell. Have we anywhere in this universe anything that corresponds to that spiritually by which we are to regulate our conscience? Yes, yes! Where is it? What is it? I will tell you next week. I have not time this morning.

The Standard of Right

The discrepancies in our watches are corrected by the standard time, as I told you last week. How shall we correct the diverse judgments of our consciences? You will find the standard in its perfection only in the Bible. That is the standard of conduct. Now, there are certain kinds of conduct that you will find spoken of there concerning which the standard is explicit and decisive. Is it right to murder? "Thou shalt not kill." Is it right to steal? "Thou shalt not steal." There you have your standard in the commandments. But the great body of actions that we perform are not mentioned in the Word of God. You can turn over the pages of the Bible and ask yourself the question, "Is this particular act right or wrong?" and you will get no answer, yes or no. Is there, therefore, no standard for these

actions by which we are to judge whether an act is right or wrong? Yes. Please remember the Christian system does not regulate human conduct by specific rules. It does not answer categorically the question, "Is this right or wrong?" but it gives us certain great life principles that cover all human activity and enable us to decide whether this particular course or custom in life is right or wrong. That particular standard is summed up by the apostle Paul in this language: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." There is our universal and eternal principle by which we are to decide our conduct in this life. Now, that principle might, on account of defective education and reasoning powers, be difficult for us sometimes to adjust to our conduct, were it not that that principle is illustrated in the Word of God. It is lived out. It is manifest to us there in a life; and by studying that life we get the principle by which we are to judge of our conduct. Where is that life? Jesus Christ. "In him was life," says John, "and the life was the light" of the world. "I am the light of the world." The great, absolute standard of human conduct, right and wrong, is given us in Jesus Christ, in his conduct, in his life, in his motives, in his spirit. By studying him we get the standard of how we ought to act in all conceivable circumstances. Now, in examining that life we find that it was a life of service, it was a life of doing good to God's creatures by blessing everybody, by harm-

ing nobody; and you cannot find in that life of Jesus Christ a single instance where his conduct would lead to the injury of a human soul. It was said by his enemies, "He is a sinner, he goes to eat with publicans and sinners." Yes, he associated with the bad, he associated with wicked people; but for what purpose? To make them better. And if he could not make them better he would not be found in their company. His influence everywhere, his personal activity, was all to enrich and ennoble humanity and lift it up to higher and nobler things. Now, that is the standard of human conduct.

I want to apply that standard to some very particular questions. I want to apply it to some very vexing questions that you are all more or less concerned about. Is it wrong to dance? I am not talking now about skipping around on the grass in a frisky spirit as the lambs do. I am talking of an institution; I am talking of a custom of society; I am talking of the conduct of multitudes of human beings; I am talking of the modern dance, just as it is carried on in society to-day. Is it right or wrong for me to engage in it? That is the question, and it is a living question. How am I to settle it? There is a diversity of judgment on that question among young people, among you. Now, let us bring it to the standard of absolute right, the standard of God. What is the result on human character of the modern dance? What is its effect on the intellect, on the heart life, on the conscience, on the history of

individuals? Does it ennoble? does it purify? does it make people better for living in this world? does it bring human happiness of that pure and permanent kind that God indorses in your life? Does it? Does it narrow? does it vitiate? does its low atmosphere and spirit tend to ruin? Can you engage in it to the glory of God, by which I mean the well-being and enlargement and purification of humanity? That is the question. I bring the modern dance square up against the Christ life, the life lived to glorify humanity by leading it to a higher and nobler life; and I ask, what is its effect, its influence everywhere? Will you answer that? Can you answer it in the affirmative, that the modern dance as an institution makes men and women better, that it leads to a higher life, a nobler intellectual and heart life; or is its whole tendency to selfishness and vice? Answer it, will you, in the light of this standard, the absolute standard, "Whatever ye do whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." There is only one answer to that question, only one answer that a real earnest, thoughtful, rational soul, studying all the facts, can give.

Now I ask another questionable question—What about the modern theater? I am not talking about an ideal theater. I can conceive of a theater in which there should be represented truths in action, that would ennoble and purify and uplift all the ideals and purposes of humanity. I can conceive of that. Is it possible still? That is a question I can conceive

of; but I am talking of the modern theater, as you see it displayed on the billboards, as you see it noted and revealed in the daily press, as you see it in its influence on character. Can I glorify God by patronizing that institution as it exists to-day? Will it bless and ennoble me and my friends, or will it pollute my heart life? That is the question. I bring the modern theater to this standard, I bring the conscience of mankind to this law, as we bring our watches to the standard at half past twelve o'clock. There is one answer to it. The very best of actors has said, "My daughter shall never enter the theater," because he knew its effects on human character. Can I glorify God by patronizing such an institution? "Never, nevermore!" is the answer that comes back from God's standard. Therefore I must adjust my conscience and my character to this absolute standard of right and wrong. If I can bless humanity by patronizing the theater, if I can ennoble mankind and make it better, if I can bring it nearer to the standard of the life of Jesus Christ, if I can implant in human souls the motives, the spirit that possessed him, then I can patronize it and my conscience will not condemn it. But the question is, can I do it? Isn't its tendency everywhere to demoralize? Read the divorce scandals of the daily press of actors and actresses—that is enough. We cannot enter into that atmosphere without being corrupted by it. So let us adjust our moral judgments to this standard that God has given, and the

end will be a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man. Young people, this is a living question, and I ask you the serious consideration of it. I have opened to you, I trust, the great principles of human conduct and the great diversity in human consciences and the only way to bring us to the standard of right so as to have a pure heart in the sight of God.

The Sin of Neglect

There is in the station in Concord a clock which is the standard of time. Every engineer on the Boston and Maine Railroad, starting out on a run, must adjust his watch by that standard. Now, suppose an engineer should ignore that order, and day after day neglect to compare his watch with that standard, and that watch should lose time and become ten minutes late, and as the result of its lateness there should be a collision and sorrow should come to many homes because of the dead and the injured; and suppose all these facts came out, and that engineer was called to answer for his crime of negligence, and he should excuse himself by saying, "O, it is so much trouble, I did not think it was necessary, I trusted in my watch—I thought it was a good timekeeper and I did not pay any attention to the order." Suppose you were on the jury and had to give a verdict, guilty or not—what would be your verdict? You would all say guilty of gross neglect.

I have been talking to you about a standard given to us by God by which to regulate our spiritual faculty called conscience. I have told you that that standard is found in the Word of God. It is illustrated in the spirit and life and purposes of Jesus Christ. Now, in order that that faculty should be regulated we must compare it with the life of Jesus. We must see whether we are acting as he would act under given conditions. Suppose we do not do it. You say, "It is so much trouble reading the Bible. I think I am about right; I act according to my conscience; I am not particularly careful to see that my conscience is properly instructed." And thus you go on, and the law of God is broken. Are you guilty or innocent? Do you know that that is the way the great mass of people seem to be living? I told you that the conscience of scarcely two would speak alike under given conditions. Why? Because people do not regulate, direct, their conscience by the standard that God has given.

It is an awful thing to neglect God's Word and to know not what God's will is. All knowledge is good. Knowledge of algebra is good; a knowledge of geometrical principles is good; knowledge of scientific truth is very good; but the highest of all knowledge is to know the will of God, is to know the standard of right, is to know whether our conscience is regulated by that or not. We talk in these days about education. Do you know, there may be an education that is exceedingly defective? The only

true education is that which brings the soul first to the standard of right, and thus educates the conscience of our youth. That is what God wants of us—that which is called Christian education; and all other types are defective and false. O, I covet for you all this disposition, this spirit: "I want to know my duty; I want to know what good conduct is; I want to know what God's will is; I want to bring my heart to the standard that God himself has set up; I do not want my conscience regulated by the average conscience of this world, for that is not right; I want to know what God wants of me; I want my heart life adjusted to that standard." If we could only get the youth of America to want that and take the trouble to find it out, what a transformation would take place in American life! What a new world we would live in!—where every soul would be seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness!

I have been talking to you two or three weeks about the conscience. It is the very foundation and center of all education that is worth anything. I have been bringing to you simple illustrations to show you its relation to duty. I want you, from this hour, honestly and candidly, to use your time and your talents to answer this question—"What is my duty before God?" I turn you to the Bible to get that answer. Now, do not go to it with a prejudiced mind, do not go to it with cotton in your ears that you may not hear its voice.

Come to it with an open heart; come to the standard that God has set to regulate human conduct; come and ask, "What is the divine will?" and then purpose in your heart to do it, no matter what it may cost you; and the end, O, the end will be a developed character like the Christ. That is what we are here for, to be made like him.

Obeying Conscience

There is an old saying that a man is a bundle of habits. There are habits of the body, habits of the mind, and habits of the spirit. What is a habit? It is a way we acquire of doing things. By the repetition of an act again and again and again it becomes second nature; it becomes automatic. There may be a tendency born in us to a certain habit; but a habit is what we make. It is not a gift of nature. We create our habits, and thus create ourselves. It is easy to break up a habit before it has become fully formed. Take a spinning jenny and you can break a little strand very easily; but when those strands are woven into a thread it is more difficult, and when the threads have been woven into a cord it is impossible for human power to snap them.

So it is with a habit. If your habit is wrong, break it at once, before it becomes a cable of steel and makes you its slave. Habit determines destiny. That is a remarkable saying—let me repeat it; there is infinite wisdom in that statement—habit determines destiny. I have spoken to you several times

this term about conscience. I have told you its nature; some of the laws of its development. Now, our attitude toward conscience may become a habit. Conscience may be imperfect. Yes; I have told you how to perfect it, by bringing it to the test of a standard, and I have told you what that standard was. But what I want to talk to you about this morning is the habit of obeying conscience. Though your conscience may be imperfect, form the habit in your youth of obeying it instantly. Conscience always says, "Now," not "To-morrow"; "Obey me now." N-o-w—*Now* is the demand of conscience on every soul; and every wise soul will obey it *now*. Twenty-five years ago I spent an hour with John G. Whittier, the poet, and he talked enthusiastically over his life, told me many facts in his career; and he said to me, "When I was a young man I was interested in politics and I had fine political prospects, but I heard the cry of the slave, and my conscience said, 'You ought to choose the call of the slave'; and I obeyed my conscience and spoke out and that ruined me politically, but it saved my character. I obeyed it instantly." It saved that man's character, and John G. Whittier will go down in history a noble man because he obeyed his conscience at any cost.

When I was a boy there came into my soul, vaguely at first, but more and more clearly, the conviction that I ought to be a Christian; that Jesus Christ had claims on me. I had read he died for

me; and I read in the New Testament his claims on me, and my conscience said I ought to obey him. But I began to form the habit of disobeying my conscience. I tried to stifle that conviction. For some years I tried to forget my duty—I did not listen to conscience; but one day in my boyhood I began to think, and this was my thought: "Your duty is to give your heart to Jesus Christ and be his follower and do his will; you have been disobeying your conscience these years; it has troubled you; it has given you no rest; you are forming the habit of disobeying your conscience; where will it end? It is becoming easier and easier for you not to mind your conscience; what will be the end of it? You are weaving the cable of steel that will bind you forever"; and I stopped and faced the situation. I said to myself, "I am wrong, and I ought to be right; now is the time; conscience says so"; and I obeyed the voice of conscience and gave my heart to Christ; and, O! my life from that hour has been an effort—imperfect at best—to obey the voice of conscience, and it has given me great peace.

Habit determines destiny. You are shaping your destiny now. Have you formed the habit of obeying your conscience? Are you forming the habit of disobeying conscience? As you obey or disobey, you are constructing your eternity, and you are doing it now. O, if I could bring every soul here, thoughtfully, face to face with itself, asking itself this question, "What am I doing with myself?" I

think there would not be a pause as there was a pause in my boyhood before the beginning of a better life. These are decision days with some of you. Will you break the strand that can be broken now, or will you say, "Some time I will"? But that strand may become a cable of steel binding your soul by the resistless power of habit and you cannot break it. I beg of you, be thoughtful to-day, face your conscience and answer the question, "What am I doing with myself?"

National Assimilation

We have encouraged immigration, and are apparently swamped by the multitudes who come here from foreign lands who know nothing of our institutions. But there are some bright facts that are shining upon this problem of immigration that ought to quiet our fears. Dr. Clark, head of the Christian Endeavor Society, has visited the libraries of Boston to inquire, "What are the boys reading? What are the classes that call for books, and what do they want?" And without a single exception these librarians inform him that the children of the immigrants—however degraded their parents are, however ignorant, however un-American—the boys of the Russian Jews, the boys from the Italian homes, the boys of foreign parentage—in Boston are reading better literature than the boys of American parentage. They come here, they tell us, and ask for biographies of Americans, and they get the best; they come and ask for the history of American

institutions, and they get the finest, and when they have read them they come for more.

This fact is indorsed by the librarian of the city of Newark. You will find in the Outlook he says precisely the same thing, though doubtless he had no knowledge of what the librarians of Boston had said. If this is so, isn't it true that the children of the immigrants, however degraded, are the hope of the land? Think of it, will you?

I was talking with a man a few weeks since in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, who has had much to do with public schools, much to do with the foreign population; and he indorsed every word of this that I have told you. Said he, "It is simply astonishing how ambitious the children of these immigrants are. No matter what the parents are, the boys are longing to prove themselves worthy of American citizenship, and they are being assimilated with astonishing rapidity."

Now, if that be so, and that holds good in the future, what have we to dread from immigration? But how sad if it be true that the boys of American parentage are reading poorer literature than those of foreign parentage! Can it be so? What will inevitably result? Foreigners will beat the native product every time.

My wife taught in the Everett School in Boston, and in her room of forty or fifty pupils, most of whom were out of the best families in Boston at that time, being in a district where the leading

American families resided, the finest pupil in that school was a little Irish girl whose clothing indicated extreme poverty. We have her picture in our home —a little, bright-eyed Irish girl that beat all the rest in scholarship.

It was a saying of Horace Greeley that those peoples who lived on wheat chiefly, as the basis of their diet, would be the finest in physical organization and physical vigor known to civilization. Wheat was the diet of the highest races of the civilized world physically—that was his statement; and how often he repeated it, and called upon the nation to grow wheat and to eat wheat!

But what will be the finest characteristics of civilization spiritually? It will depend upon the ideals taken into the souls of the youth. If we can get the American youth to read the best of literature, and eschew the poorest, if we can get them, like those foreign boys out of these homes of the poorest immigrants, to ask for the best in our libraries, and to read and to feed upon such literature, this nation will have nothing to fear.

The richest of material upon which the soul can subsist is to be found in the Bible. In addition to that which is the basis of our civilization, we ought to read the finest biography and the best history, to read the works that will give us the highest ideals of character, of custom, of social manners, life, and conduct.

Cultivate a taste for good books, for the best of

books, feed your souls on the wheat of noble thought, of pure ideals, and we will risk your future. You will come out strong, vigorous, true; but if you feed on chaff, better for the nation if you were buried out of sight. You will be poor specimens of citizenship.

Let us never despair of the republic while it can be said of the children of the immigrants that they are fed intellectually on the best of reading; but never let it be said of American boys that they are reading a poorer class of books. God forbid that!

Philosophy of Life

We do not go very far in this world before we come to the settled conviction that there are some things that we cannot control. There are forces about us that overmaster us, bring us into strait places, bereavements that we cannot resist, perplexities and trials and sorrows that no human foresight can put aside. We seem to be the victims of fate.

Take the calamity at Lakeport. You may talk about the wonderful intelligence of man, his genius, his ingenuity to provide against evils; but yet you see there the helplessness of man. There were houses of dry timber—how could you prevent that in such a drought as this? There was a wind like a gale—who could stop that wind? And there was a little spark. Well, you say, that might have been avoided. Yes, but these little fires often begin without human responsibility. No care or foresight

seems to provide against them. What is the result? A whole community homeless. Multitudes have lost all that they had. They are turned out after a life of toil. Take the floods out in Kansas—where is the human ingenuity that could provide against this downpouring of the clouds and swelling of the rivers? The fact of it is, we can study and think and plan, make arrangements against these forces, but they come down on us at times out of the unseen skies, and we are overwhelmed, and we cannot help ourselves.

How are you going to meet these things? You do not know what is before you. I do not know. I am as helpless as a chip on a flowing river, the prey of forces that I cannot control.

The richest legacy on earth is a good philosophy of life. There can be no peace or happiness without it. You talk about science settling the problems of life—science is as helpless as everything else.

Now, there are just two philosophies in life. All other philosophies are simply variations of these two great systems. One is Stoicism, and the other is the Christian philosophy. What is Stoicism? It is practical atheism—that is all. It may be modified, it may have various special systems, but it is all rooted in one system, which is this: "You are surrounded by fatalistic forces that you cannot control. There is no intelligence in them; there is no heart in them; they are heartless, mindless, volitionless. You are the creatures of fate, and the best way for

you to do is simply to do the best you can, and when you have done that, and are ground to powder, just say nothing, just sneer at it, stand like a stone and root out all emotion from your nature, and let the force grind on while you grin and bear it." That is Stoicism. Ah! Will that make you happy?

Now, over against that is the Christian view of life. There are very many conceptions of the relation of God to the universe and our relations to God, but here is the Christian conception: "I have a heavenly Father; he is infinite; he is master of all these forces; nothing can touch me without his consent; he seeks my highest good; he wants me to be pure and holy like himself; he loves me—the cross proves it—and he is seeking to lead me to purity and holiness; and in doing that, sometimes when he wants to bring me to my senses, when I forget him, my kind heavenly Father gives me a little sorrow; he lets these forces come down upon me; he crushes me; he bereaves me; he permits the tornado to sweep away my property; he lets the fire burn up my home; he turns me out of doors. Why? Because he loves me, and when he sees that I am getting selfish he wants to bring me to my senses; he wants me to trust him and love him, and he has promised to care for me if I do; but I have forgotten him, and he wants to bring me back to sincere service, grateful love, and full submission to his will. That is what it all means. When the fire burns my home, God speaks to me and says, 'Love me more, my child.'

When the flood sweeps away my property, turns me out, and takes away my family, God has spoken to me tenderly, and he weeps while I weep. He sympathizes with me, and he says, 'My child, you are only here for a day, come home, come home to me and be ready to live with me forever.' "

Now, these are the two philosophies of the universe. Which are you going to take? Which will make you happier? Which will bring out your powers to the greatest extent? O, give me the Christian philosophy. Let me hear my Saviour say, "Take no anxious thought for the morrow; you do not know what will come to you; God knows; he will take care of you; let him care for you; seek to do his will, and all will be given you that is essential."

Now, my young friends, take your choice. I tell you science—boasted science, alone—aside from that Book and the revelations of God, will never give you the Christian philosophy, never. Science may help you when you get hold of it. It is useful, it has its own place; but beware of atheistic science. When you get into hours of darkness and sadness that theory of life will bring you no peace—only Christian philosophy will satisfy you then.

Training

Recently there has been issued a series of books on animal life in the woods. These nature books are all interesting and profitable, some more than

others. I have just finished reading The School of the Woods. The writer is a Mr. Long. The book has been very sharply criticised by John Burroughs as fanciful and ridiculous; and I am inclined to sympathize with him very largely. The author seeks to prove that animals are not guided so much by instinct as by training—that the instincts in animals are very weak, and that their peculiarities and habits are the result of the teachings of their parents; and he gives illustrations falling under his observation—illustrations that seem to me to be very farfetched. And his very broad generalizations are very hasty, at that. He is an inductive reasoner. I would like the school to ask the members of the Psychology class what inductive reasoning is—it will do them good to tell you, if you do not know; but this book is full of inductive reasoning of a very hasty kind. From the very fewest data he draws universal conclusions, and he seems to me to be very imaginative on the subject of the training of animals by their parents.

But there are some things that are good in the book. In the preface he asserts that the first lesson that an animal gives to its young is that of absolute obedience. Every little animal learns that lesson very early, and the parent is very careful to teach it—that is his statement. After they have learned the lesson of obedience, absolute obedience, to parental authority, then comes the training of the little one.

Then he goes on to say that the human family can learn a great deal from the animal, and that is really the finest point in the book. There is no training that is worth much to you and me that does not begin in absolute obedience to parental authority. And that is about the last lesson that American parents are giving to their children. Now, if this book will teach parents their first duty to childhood, it cannot fail to be a useful book. Submission to parental authority is the beginning of all noble character.

Not long since the Outlook sent to a great many college presidents a request that these presidents should inform the public as to the influence of particular schools on the students, in their respective colleges. The answers are very important. The replies almost all agree that there is not much difference in the characteristics of the students in college from the various schools that send them there; but most of the college presidents make this response: "We notice that the difference in the character of our students is the result of the home training more than the school training." In last night's Boston Evening Transcript there is a comment on these replies of the presidents, and the summing up of the whole is this: "There is more peril to the republic from Godless homes than from Godless schools"; and I want to indorse that sentiment heartily. If Mr. Long is correct, that animals do begin their training by teaching the first lesson of implicit obe-

dience to parental authority, and on that as a corner stone proceed to build the training of the animal, he has illustrated in nature the great truth that in human training the corner stone is obedience to parental authority, and on that corner stone must be reared the superstructure of character that recognizes the authority of God, the necessity of obedience to God, and the recognition of the claims of God. Now, this writer in the Transcript says the peril of the republic comes from that one fact, that our homes do not demand implicit obedience in the child. Our republic is to live or die through the characteristics of our homes. And if you want to reform society, my conviction is that you must go back to infancy, begin at the cradle, and lay the foundations of splendid character in submission to parental authority. God grant that we may remember that for the sake of our republic!

Polish

Last night I sat in front of the organ in the church waiting for the beginning of the services. The bright electric lights were pouring their rays upon the organ. There was a sheen of beauty about it, a polish on the oak wood that attracted my attention; and I noticed that the pipes of the organ were harmoniously painted, and the whole effect was pleasant. And I began to think, "I am delighted with the picture, but underneath that picture there lies the gross material—that is only a surface polish.

Why wouldn't it have been just as well to have left that oak wood all rough and crude, and those pipes unpainted? The case would have been just as strong without polish—that does not add to the strength at all; those pipes would have given forth just as rich melody without the paint as with it. Why paint it, why polish it?" And I thought, that is to give pleasure to the one who looks at it, and that is useful. Strength is not all we need. We need polish.

Then I began to think of what I had been saying to you in the past two or three weeks about the necessity of having strong convictions and vigorous character. It occurred to me, what if we have the vigor of the oak, what if we are strong, what if we are honest, what if we are truthful, if we lack the polish of good manners, those graces of the spirit that charm us? And then I began to think of the Christ, how strong he was, how mighty were his convictions, how ready he was to be tested. Like the oak, there was infinite power in him; but there was more than that, there was such gentleness, such grace, such polish of character that no one can look at him without being made clean. There was the beauty of the Lord on him.

There are a great many people who pride themselves on the strength of their character and on their rugged honesty; but rugged honesty without manners doesn't charm us. You and I need rugged character. We need to be strong; but in addition to that,

let us cultivate the outward manners of life, gentleness, grace, courtesy. Some people pride themselves on being brusque, thorny; they will wound you unnecessarily. They are coarse in their speech. But how much sweeter life would be, how much more we should enjoy them in the home and in society, if they only had the polish of fine, delicate manners.

Now, let us have both. You young men and you young ladies, do not despise good breeding. Do not despise the delicacy of good social life. Those graces that belong to humanity—let us cultivate them, let us cultivate them in school; but underneath them—for they are only on the surface—let us see to it that we have the solid, good fiber of the oak.

Soul Soil

I have a few rows of potatoes in my garden. A few days ago I dug them. In about half the rows the potatoes were large and excellent, and in the other half they were very poor. And I began to consider the reason why. It is a good thing always to ask questions. We add to our knowledge in that way, and I learned a lesson from those potatoes. I examined the soil and I found where the potatoes were large and there was a good crop the soil was rich and loamy; but where the potatoes were very small the soil was very poor, scarcely more than hard pan.

This morning I look over a crowd of young life. I ask myself, what will be the harvest of this year?

what will be the fruitage in conduct and character? And I answer it in this way: I cannot tell, for I do not know what you have brought us. If you young people have come here with hearts enriched with holy thoughts, noble aspirations, splendid purposes in life, if the soil of your soul is like the good soil in my garden, we shall have a magnificent harvest. But if you have brought only spiritual hard pan, a soul that is weak and trifling, with no soil in it, in vain will be all our efforts to bring forth a harvest, unless there be a change in you.

The difference in human beings, after all, is a difference in the soil of the soul. If you in the past have read splendid books, good literature, if you have associated with noble character, if you have your hearts stirred with precious impulses, if your soul has been enriched with high and noble thinking, I will risk you. There will be a splendid product here. But if you have read sensational literature only, if your thoughts have been low, weak, and vile, if you have associated with poor character, if you bring to us poor spiritual soil, we cannot do much with you. We can plant our seed in hard pan, but there will be but little product. Therefore, I do not know what are to be the results of this year; but when I look into your faces, the faces of these strangers, my heart is encouraged. I see here, behind these flashing eyes and these expressive countenances, what I think is splendid soul soil. It cheers us. We think there is going to be a

royal result of this year's work in this school, because we think you have hearts ready for the truth, ready to be impressed with all righteous thoughts, holy aims, and noble ambitions.

O, my young friends, if you are conscious that your hearts are not rich because your reading and your thinking in the past have been of a poor quality, let me here this morning urge you to make a choice of better things. Let all sensational literature alone. Read only the best. Associate only with the good and the noble, let your thinking be choice and rich, and that thinking will fertilize your hearts and bring you out as noble characters ere this year shall come to an end. This is the lesson from my potato patch. Do not forget it. God bless this young life. May there be rich heart life here. Then these teachers will be encouraged and their hearts thrilled with gladness at the close of this year, as they see the progress that you have made, and see the glorious prophecies of noble men and women going out of this school to bless the world. Let us work together, therefore; but remember only soul soil can be made by thinking—it is the character of your thoughts that is to determine who you are in this world. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Seed Selection

I want to talk to your parents this morning, and not to you; and yet I want to make you the medium by which what I say shall come to them. You are

soon to say, "Merry Christmas," and right after you say, "Merry Christmas," please tell them what I shall say to you this morning. I do not know that they need it. I do not know but they are all right. Let us presume that they are, that they need no advice from this platform—blessed parents if they do not! But if they do not need it, possibly somebody living alongside of them may be benefited by what I shall say. So please carry the news home, and the news is this: Tell them that the farmers out in Iowa have increased their crop of corn by millions of bushels by selecting the best seed. Now, that is good intelligence—right after "Merry Christmas" tell them that. They will be glad to hear it. It is a great thing to have a big corn crop.

But tell them this also: "There is a greater crop than that, and that is the crop of character in the home, and that crop is increased by selecting thoughts for the children. That is my text. Thoughts are the seeds of character, and when planted in the soil of the soul, and carefully nurtured, will bring forth a marvelous harvest. Who is it that ought to select the seed for the little ones but the parents? That is their duty—tell them that. Tell them that they should direct the thinking of their children, that it is their duty under God to plant the seeds of truth in the heart of childhood and to nurture those seeds of truth, that there may come forth a wonderful harvest in the home.

Tell them that that is done by getting good books

for their children to read. O, how many parents won't spend one cent for a good book; but they will give five dollars for a splendid hat with a feather on it for the daughter. No money for good seed, but plenty of money to feed vanity and foolishness. Tell them that—do not forget it. Tell them that every home ought to have a good Christian newspaper in it for the children to read, full of splendid truth, full of the choicest seed for character. Tell them that. O, how many parents there are who cannot afford to have a Christian newspaper, but they can get some sensational sheet that ministers to the devil's work. They have no money for a good Christian newspaper, but they can buy a splendid buggy for the boy, to feed his vanity.

Now, this may not be necessary advice to your parents, but there will be a good many living near them that ought to hear it. And tell them that their duty is, when the sun goes down, if possible, to stay at home and plant good seed in the children before they go to bed, because multitudes of parents run off for clubs and theaters and every place but home, and let the children run away, when the sun goes down, to get the vilest seed that the devil can put into their souls.

O, parents, parents! Do you want to know what joy is? It is to have growing up the tender plants in the home, with Christian characters, with noble convictions of right, with hearts filled with the grace of God, noble boys and girls, to be a pride

and a glory for one's declining years. Better product that, infinitely, than great harvests of corn or gold.

It is a joy even to a wicked parent. Don't you know that? How often I have heard the wicked say to me, "O, I have got a good boy." Ah, how they rejoice in goodness, though they do not possess it themselves!

Now, this is the parents' duty to choose the seed, to choose the truth, to choose the thoughts in the early years of life, and to plant them in the soil of childhood and nurture them. And when I say that I am not saying anything new. Moses said that thousands of years ago. "Hear, O Israel," he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thou shalt keep these words" (that is, these seeds) "that I have given unto you, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children"—mark that. Turn now, and read the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, and there you will find in substance all that I say to you this morning: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Plant good seed there, that there may be a blessed harvest to your ultimate joy and to the glory of God. When you say, "Merry Christmas," tell your parents what I have said, though they may not need it. I hope they do not.

Lofty Purposes

Last Saturday afternoon I heard a paper on the question, "Should literature have a purpose in it?" The reading of the paper was followed by a very able discussion. A guest was invited to express his views, and after some very pleasant remarks he suddenly halted, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole countenance assumed a deep seriousness, and with intense feeling he cried out, "I want to say that any book without a purpose is no book at all, and there is no great work in music or art that is not the product of a high and holy purpose; and the higher and nobler the purpose, the more immortal the work." On this for a few moments he spoke with rare eloquence, and every heart seemed to thrill with the consciousness of the truth of what he was saying.

Doubtless that is no new thought to you. You have heard it from this platform again and again, that no life is worth living that is not actuated by some supreme purpose; and until we can get some great purpose in a boy or girl, life will be useless to them. I want to reinforce that thought this morning. All great life is the product of a great purpose taking hold of the personality and sinking our selfishness out of sight; and whatever that purpose may be, it must be a worthy purpose to bring about any everlasting good.

We do not care what purpose you get, young people, provided it be broader than yourselves. If

your purpose be selfish, simply bounded by self in any form, you cannot expect to bring forth any noble product; and the richer and broader that purpose, the nobler the cause, the greater will be the result of your life. Some cause must dissolve you, melt you, move you, burn in you, if you are going to do anything in this world. It must unify all your powers, and if you have genius in you, great and wonderful may be the product.

Now, there may be a purpose that will be useful, but it may be simply material. A great many persons are seized with a purpose, but it is simply commercial, worldly, bounded by this life. Cecil Rhodes seems to have been a man of that kind—he was actuated with the idea of materialism, commercialism; he did not seem to rise to the height of Christianizing Africa, but he would civilize it for commercial ends. He wrought a great work, after all, in a certain line, by preparing the way for others. Not so Livingstone. Livingstone had the great purpose of Christianizing Africa, and his name will live forever as her great benefactor.

You want some high, ethical purpose to take hold of you, involving not only your own good, but the good of the world. The richer and nobler that purpose, the greater will be the product. But, O, I beg of you, do not simply drift along, the sport of your environment, and be blown hither and thither without being anchored to anything. In your youth, knowing your power, knowing yourself and your

limitations, ask yourself, What can I do in this world to make it better? Where can I work to the glory of God and to the well-being of men? Let that purpose possess you. Then if you have genius, your genius will have wings, inspiration, and God only knows what you may do. God uses only men and women of that kind to do great things.

O, get your purpose on your knees—there is the place to find it. Get down alone, in the silence and solitude of your own room and your own personality, and say, "O, God, what am I made for? Help me to find my mission, then help me to fill it."

Light Insufficient

We have been talking to you about light and the conscience. There is a theory that all that society has to do to put away its miseries is to get more light. If we can only educate men, give them secular and moral instruction, all our miseries will come to an end.

Now, that theory is a very false one; it won't work in practice. It is not true that education, such as we give in our schools, necessarily makes society what it ought to be. It is a false staff on which we are leaning. It is true that as we increase the light the great mass of men may improve; but this is not true of individuals, for you must take into account another factor in human experience, namely, the native opposition in the human heart to light, to right, to truth. Right conduct does not depend on

the amount of light that pours into the human soul. A man may be intelligent as to duty, but he may have a native opposition to the duty. He may resist the light that comes to him and touches his conscience and creates in him a feeling of obligation, and it may only lead him to assert, "I won't do it, I won't obey it, I won't do right." Now increase the amount of light, intensify it, and that native opposition may grow by what it feeds upon and increase in corresponding intensity, until he may say to any amount of light that you can shed upon his soul, "I won't, I won't."

What is it that happened to Pharaoh when he hardened his heart? It was simply that spirit. He began with a little revelation of his duty, and he said, "I won't." Moses gave him more and more light, and he hardened his heart and intensified his opposition. And just so it is with multitudes of us. You can give any amount of knowledge to some natures, and they will rise up in their moral freedom and say, "I won't, I won't."

Now, that is not true of the mass of the people, or else there would be no hope of progress in the human race; but it is true of individuals.

What do we mean by conversion? Conversion implies two factors. The first is a new attitude toward the light. If there be a natural tendency in us to resist the light, the first step is taken in conversion when a man, in his freedom, says, instead of "I won't," "I will." Instead of opposing the light, he

accepts it. That is the first step. It is a new attitude toward the truth. But that is not its completion. That man may still, actuated by reason and judgment, revise his purposes and say, "I will," and yet dislike the light.

Now, in a complete conversion there is another process, know in theological language as regeneration, wherein, by a divine and invisible power, there is created in his heart a relish for the light. When conversion is completed the man not only turns down his opposition and says, "I will," and obeys the truth, but he finds springing up in his soul a relish for it and delight in it; and then he is a new creature, "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," and that which he once hated now he loves. He hated the light, the duty, the right; now he delights in it. But the process, you perceive, is first submission to the light, accepting it, resolving to obey it, and then springing up in his heart a delight in it. And that does not depend on the amount of light. A man may do that with very little light.

Take the poor negroes of the South, just out of human slavery, kept in ignorance and semibarbarism through that awful institution that dwarfed all their moral faculties. They have but very little apprehension of duty, of right; but if they say, "I will obey the light I have," God accepts them, God accepts them though they may be very imperfect, judged by our standard of Christianity. But in

order to hold that acceptance, as the light increases, as the truth multiplies, as the sense of duty enlarges, they must still keep up that spirit of obedience and submission, or else all will be reversed and they will lose their acceptance with God.

Now, what is the practical result of all this teaching? It is this: You and I start out in life with a natural disposition to do what we please, more or less powerful. There comes a time in our experience, and it may come very early, it may come almost in the very earliest years of consciousness, when we say, "I will accept the truth." That is the beginning of a new life. Hitherto, as my duty has been revealed to me, I have said, "I won't"; now I will say to-day, "I will obey the light—it may be a very small amount, but I will obey it." As the light increases, if we continue to say, "I will obey it," we grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth, in righteous living, in holy character. If we turn around and refuse to obey it, we go the other way, and become guilty; conscience condemns us, and we lose our moral standing.

O, how necessary it is for you and for me to form the habit now, *now*—not to-morrow, but now, this day—of saying to ourselves, "I will obey what I know to be right, I will do it to-day, I will not put it off until to-morrow. I do not know much about my duty, but what I do know I will accept." That is the beginning of the nobler life.

There may come to each one of you this morning a sense of duty and obligation. What shall we do with it? If we say, "I will," we put ourselves in the right attitude toward the light, however much it may be, or however little; and that is the beginning of a better life.

Defective Conscience

I do not know anything more annoying than to have a conversation cut right off in the middle of it, just as you have come to a crisis in the talk. I had that experience some years ago. I was riding in a railroad train, approaching my destination. I sat by the side of a lawyer, and we had a conversation on various matters, finally touching on conscience. I have been talking to you more or less about the conscience this term. That lawyer became red in the face the moment the word "conscience" was mentioned, because he had an antipathy to it. "Conscience," said he, and his eye flashed and the blood ran to his cheeks—"conscience—what a curse it has been to humanity! What great crimes," said he, "have not been committed in the name of conscience?" And then he went on to speak of thumbscrews and inquisitions, and the terrible penalties visited upon innocent and honest men because of conscience; and he was for tearing conscience right out of the soul, or being utterly indifferent to its teachings, because of these crimes in human history. His wrath knew no bounds.

And then I was just prepared to talk to him. I said, "Sir, you don't believe in the Bible. Do you know why conscience has done these things? Because these persons have not been rightly instructed by that Book. All that you have said is simply a proof of the necessity of the Word of God, the rule of right to instruct the conscience that has wrought out so many crimes." And then the brakeman cried out my station, and I had to leave just when I had reached the main issue.

That conversation has never been finished. But I did want to go on and talk it out, and try to show him that the very Book he was antagonizing was the only Book, when properly interpreted and understood, that could educate and enlighten the human conscience, so that the conscience, being properly enlightened, should cease to prompt these acts of injustice and violence against human beings. Conscience uninstructed—what a peril!

Did you ever examine a carriage wheel? When you go home examine your father's carriage wheel, and see how it is cut up into sections, one or two spokes in a section; but when these sections are put together you have a perfect sphere, you have a carriage wheel. How would you like to ride in a carriage which had only one or two sections in the wheels? Wouldn't you have a hard time of it? You must have a complete wheel, a perfect circle, to make your journey agreeable to your physical system.

Now, why has the human conscience indorsed such crimes against humanity? I answer, because it has been educated in sections, and not as a perfect sphere. The Word of God enlightens the whole conscience. When we study it and understand it, it does not permit us to injure our fellow men. Had the Inquisition, had these thumbscrews—or those who managed them—been thoroughly conversant with the Word of God instead of a little section of it; had the conscience been educated as it ought to have been—the whole of the conscience, not a part of it—society would have moved on like the run of a carriage wheel, without a jolt or a jar.

I have told you in these Wednesday morning talks that we need light. So we do; but we need the whole of it, we do not need a little section of light—that always leads to disaster. We need to know all our duty; and God has been pleased to give us the perfect sphere of duty. He has been pleased to give us truth that will educate the conscience, so that it will not wrong our fellow men; but if we open our hearts and our souls to the perfect light, then we shall have a conscience so wisely instructed that we will do his will, and his will will bring about the spirit of heaven.

Therefore, when you hear men railing against conscience, all you have to do is to tell them, "You are all wrong; conscience is all right in its sphere, but it needs the perfect light of God's revealed will in order to fit it for its mission."

Right Revealed

In our talks hitherto we have pointed out that right has its origin in the divine nature, is expressed in the divine will, and is discerned by a power within our souls that we call conscience; that the conscience has no light in itself—the light that instructs it comes from outside. How is that light revealed if it comes from God?

There are two methods by which God reveals his will to us. The first method is called the teachings of natural religion, the second the teachings of revealed religion. By natural religion we mean the results of human experience. Now, we assume that God loves us and seeks our highest good. We assume that any course of conduct that leads to permanent happiness, to the development of our powers, to the perfection of our natures, must be in harmony with the divine will. Assuming that, we learn from experience and observation what that will is. How do we learn what substances are good for food? We learn by experience. Any article that ministers to the health of the body and the perfection of our physical powers must be good food. Any article that poisons the body, diminishes its power, decreases its happiness, was not meant for food. Thus we reason, and we reason correctly. In that way we find out from experience what is good for us and what is bad for us.

Now, the same is true in regard to any course of conduct. Reasoning from the light of experience,

we draw this conclusion, that any course of conduct that ministers to human happiness permanently, that develops the human powers greatly, that leads to the perfection of human nature, must be in harmony with God's will. That is the way we get at the teachings of natural religion.

But don't you see how defective that method is? In the first place, somebody has to suffer before we learn what is right. Somebody has to suffer before we can learn what is good food and what is poison; and do you not see that with the play of passion disordering our judgments, how difficult it is for us to learn what is duty, what is right, if we have to learn it by our own experience?

God has a better way for us through revelation. He has given us his own will in that blessed Book, he has revealed the true religion; he has spoken to us, has sent us the light that we might find out what is duty, especially in our moral relations. He has put it before us very clearly in two ways—in precept, in commandment. But there is another way better than that, and that is by example. Do we want our consciences instructed as to what is duty? Do we want to find out the will of God? Turn now to the blessed Bible. There you will find it explained to us, explained in precept. But you will find something more—there is a living character, you will find there a model Man. You will find there life illustrated. You will find the right expressed in the life of Jesus Christ.

Go, then, and face the Master, go and take the Christ, study his motives, study his conduct, study his disposition, study his spirit, and in all these you will discover what God wants you to do. He has clearly revealed it to humanity, what man ought to do and what he ought to be. Now, there is the light coming from Jesus Christ. That is the final arbiter for us of duty; there is where the conscience can be instructed perfectly and not go astray. The light of natural religion is like the starlight at night. If you are sailing on the ocean you are guided in your course by the stars if they are shining; but the starlight is but dim when compared with the light of the sun. Thank God we have the light of the sun to guide us through this world. It is Jesus Christ, the example of what right is.

Whence Comes Right?

Last Wednesday morning I spoke to you on right, defining what it was. Now comes a question that has involved the deepest thought of the ages—where does right come from? What is its origin? Who made it, did anybody make it? What are the foundations of right? Socrates wrestled with that question. Plato and Aristotle followed suit, and all the great moral thinkers of the world have expressed their opinion.

Various answers have been given to that question. Some say that right comes from that which gives you pleasure—anything that makes us happy is

right. That is the basis of the Epicurean philosophy. Others have taken higher ground and have said that the useful is right; but what is the useful? That leaves everything hanging in uncertainty. Others have said the will of the majority makes the right—that seems to be the American doctrine; but we ought to repudiate it. Before the war, when William H. Seward in a speech referring to slavery said, "There is a higher law than the will of the American people," how he was ridiculed, how he was condemned for that expression! But wasn't he right? If there be an immutable right, where does it come from? It has been said it is the will of God that makes the right—that is the basis of Calvinistic philosophy. The sovereignty of God is the one great principle that Calvin upheld. But it led to a great error. One man put it as strong as this: "If God commands us to hate him, it would be our duty to hate him"—as if it were possible for such a command to be given! He stated a practical absurdity.

Where does right come from? What is its origin? Is it the will of God? Ah, it springs from something deeper than the will of God, it comes from the nature of God. One school of philosophers has said that right comes from the nature of things. Now, that person just missed the truth—it does not come from the nature of *things,* but right comes from the nature of a *person.* That is a very different proposition. Right springs from the nature of God. The will of God is the expression of

that nature. Back of the will of God lies a perfect constitution, a perfect personality; and the right springs from that personality, and directs the will of God and always controls it. Now, the will of God is always in harmony with the right; but back of the will, which is the expression of the nature, lies the nature itself. God, being absolutely perfect, absolutely wise, absolutely good, absolutely just, absolutely holy, is the ground and eternal basis of right; and that right is expressed through his will; but in order to know the right we must know his will as he expresses it to us.

Now, do you not see that, if that be the case, right is a principle immutable? There are two great schools of moral philosophy. One teaches that right is variable, is adjusted to circumstances. The other teaches that right is eternal, unchangeable; and we indorse the latter school, because right inheres in the nature of God himself.

And another principle is true if that be so—right is as universal as the nature of God. Right in California is the same as right in New Hampshire. Right on Jupiter is the same as right on the earth, for God is in Jupiter the same as in the earth. Right is everywhere an immutable principle. There are no two standards of right. There is only one, and that standard never changes. Right is as eternal as the divine existence—you cannot get away from it. Right was the same in the beginning of time as in the end of time. Right is the same in heaven as in

perdition. Right is the same in the earth everywhere, always. You cannot change it, because you cannot change God's nature.

Now, our duty is to adjust ourselves to this great eternal and universal principle that has its origin in the divine nature. You and I must harmonize ourselves to that principle of right, or we cannot be in harmony with our God. He who does that has heaven already in his soul. He who does that need not fear but heaven will be his forever. He who willfully and intelligently does not do it can never see the kingdom of God. That is common sense. O, then, how necessary that you and I should be finding out what that right is, and adjusting ourselves to it, that we may be fitted for the kingdom of heaven!

The Soul's Majesty

Only a great nature will carry an algebra to a ball game, as one of you did yesterday! And this is an illustration of the greatness of man. No animal would ever think of doing that—only a rational being would covet such an hour for study! I want you to appreciate who you are. We read this morning that God had put all things under our feet—all the sheep and oxen and the beasts of the field. That means that we are something greater than the mere animal life on the earth. Now, we ought to appreciate that.

In many respects animals are far superior to us. Many of them are stronger than we are. Who can

compare the strength of the greatest athlete with the strength of an elephant or an ox? Some of them are superior to us in their senses. Where are there nostrils that will compare with those of a hound tracking the rabbit? Where is there an eye in a human head that will compare with the eye of an eagle? Some animals have senses far superior to ours. They can perceive more keenly than we can, and yet they cannot use what they see or what they hear or what they smell as we can. There is put into you and me something that the animals have not—a rational and a moral nature, for purposes high and noble. And we ought to appreciate this fact. Where is there an animal who can make a garden as man can make it? Where is there an animal that can build architectural beauties and glory like the Congressional Library at Washington? They build only as they are taught; they never improve on their architectural genius, never. Man can improve, and it is this fact that indicates his superiority.

Thirty years ago a man built a cesspool to his house, and he was afraid it would not hold the sewage, and he built a second one and attached them by a pipe, and then he put a pipe in the first cesspool and ran it up by his house. Six years afterward he wanted to clean out the cesspools, supposing that they would about be full; and he found to his astonishment that there was nothing in them but a little sediment in the bottom. And he began to think. Now, an animal never would have thought. But he

began to think: "Why is it that these cesspools are not full? What has become of all the matter that has gone into them through the six years?" And as he thought, a suggestion came to him: "Here is a way to dispose of sewage, if I can find out the process."

Now, that man was not educated in a laboratory of a scientist, and had no idea that bacteria had taken away all that cess matter; but he began to think; and to-day our cities are beginning to adopt the product of that man's thought, to get rid of their sewage. I have almost finished reading the speech of a lawyer, recently delivered before the Circuit Court in Boston, regarding the patent that that man took out on his cesspool for getting rid of sewage. It is a marvelous history, and very marvelous possibilities are in it; and it is said by some that the Bell telephone will not equal in value the discovery of that man, because he began to think what led to the condition of things in his cesspool. Where will you find an animal that could have produced those facts and drawn those inferences and come to those conclusions and made those inventions?

O, wonderful, wonderful is the mind of man. You are better than the beasts of the field. You are to fulfill a greater mission, and it is unworthy of you to give yourselves up simply to an animal life. You should live for the life of the spirit.

Then there are other qualities in man that mark him as superior to the animals, namely, the power

to worship in the presence of the Unknown and to reverence God. You never yet saw an animal, however great its powers or its instincts, that bowed its head before God. Now, every man does that. Man is a worshiping animal, because he has a moral nature. Even the savage, when he hears the wind in the tree tops, thinks of a power that is beyond himself. And he bows reverently before that unknown force indicated by the sighing of the wind in the tree tops. He reverences something, though he knows not what.

But you and I, with that blessed Book, have learned who it is that we worship—there is revealed to us a true conception of the Infinite God. You and I, through our wonderful moral and spiritual natures, can bow and reverently praise and adore the personal God. O, remember the wonderful gifts, the wonderful faculties, the wonderful powers that God has given you, and develop them and improve them, and intelligently adore and obey Him who has given you being in this world.

False Teachers

I want to tell you a few facts this morning. You will hear it said again and again that this New Testament grew up, nobody knows how, during three or four hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ. Robert Ingersoll went around the country telling that, which indicated that he was either a willful falsifier or that he was ignorant.

There was a man lived and wrote about that Book —I mean the New Testament—about one hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ. He was a very learned man, a Greek philosopher, and a great enemy of Christianity. He was a man who was the master of ridicule and malicious statements. He used his best powers to overthrow the Christian religion. What was his attitude toward the New Testament? In his work against Christianity he alluded to the New Testament and quoted from it over eighty times. Mark you, now, he lived and wrote his book about one hundred years after Christ's crucifixion. He quotes most of the facts that are given us in that New Testament. He tells us, in speaking of the Christian system, that it teaches us that God came down by his Holy Spirit and took possession of a human form like our own, that we might become acquainted with him. He tells us that that wonderful Being, called Jesus, was born of a virgin, that his reputed father was a carpenter. He tells us that the wise men came from the east, that there was a star that led them, and that they came to Herod, and Herod, enraged, killed all the children in Bethlehem. He tells us that an angel came to Joseph and told him to take the child into Egypt. He tells us about the dove's descending upon Christ at the baptism, and about John the Baptist baptizing Christ. He tells us about Jesus's raising the dead and feeding the multitudes with loaves and fishes; healing the sick on every hand. He tells

us about the agony in Gethsemane, also about the railing of his enemies as he hung upon the cross. He tells us about the earthquake and the darkened heavens. He tells us of the resurrection of the Christ. In other words, all the main facts about the life of Christ were written out by this enemy within a hundred years of his death. He states the doctrines of Christianity just as we hold them in the Apostles' Creed to-day, showing that he was familiar with the New Testament.

How could that man have quoted these things so accurately if the books had not been written? If the books were not in existence substantially as we have them to-day, how could he have written these facts, taken out of these books—for he tells us, "I get these facts from your historical records"? More than that, he tells us that these books were written by the disciples of Jesus Christ.

Now, you will please remember that when this man wrote Christianity had spread far and wide. Rome was full of Christians, and multitudes possessed these books that this man had studied. The books must have been in existence, then, some time before he wrote this work in opposition. We have this testimonial of this enemy to Christianity to this fact, and he says the books were written by the disciples of Jesus Christ.

Now, what do you think of a man who comes along at this late day, and out of his imagination and out of his opposition to Jesus Christ and his

gospel tries to make you believe that these books were not in existence? Has he any historical basis for his statements, or is he seeking out of his imagination to make these books myths and legends without historical reality? I want you to know these facts, because if you know them they will help you when you meet these defamers of Jesus Christ and the enemies of his gospel.

Only a few days ago in our reading room I read a statement of a great German scholar, in which, out of his imagination wholly, utterly careless of historical facts such as I have given you, he goes on to state that the story of the resurrection of Christ grew up through the generations as a legend and a myth, and he wants you to accept his statements as true. When I read it there I said, "I will meet these things now with the facts of history," such as I have given you this morning.

Worm Philosophy

There was a worm lying under a stone in a field, and the worm turned his nervous centers to philosophy, and this is what he said to himself: "I have been here under this stone all my life, and I never saw it move; my father was here all his life, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, and all my ancestors, and they have sent down word to me that they never knew this stone to move. Because the forces of nature are immutable and never change, the stone cannot move itself, and all experience among the

worms proves that there is nothing to move it. Therefore, it cannot be moved; it will lie here forever and forever." And thus the worm reasoned with himself. And wasn't he a good scientist? He reasoned from universal experience among the worms that that stone would remain there forever.

And that is modern atheistic science. When it talks about miracles and inspirations it adopts Hume's positions. Hume said there could not be such a thing as a miracle, because he never saw one, his father never saw one, his grandfather never saw one, nor any of his ancestors; and the laws of nature are immutable. And when we talk about raising a man from the dead, he said it was absurd. And that is called reasoning.

But one day there came a new experience to the dear old worm. A man came striding across that field, a man, and he came up to that stone, and he picked it up, and he threw it up into the heavens; and the worm looked up and said, "What is this? This is a miracle." And it was—to the worm.

Now, then, of what validity is all this scientific reasoning against the possibility of a miracle when God comes striding across the spaces of the sky and touches a dead man and brings him to life? Anything stranger in that than there was to the worm when the stone is lifted up by a man who is adequate to it? Don't you see all the reasoning of that worm assumed this fundamental principle—"There isn't any man to lift this stone up." And don't you see

that this scientific reasoning against the possibility of miracles assumes, as the worm did, that there is no God to raise a dead man? Grant the existence of a God, omnipotent and free, and is a miracle absurd, if God has a reason for it? Could not he pick up a dead man and bring him to life as quickly as a man can pick up a stone and throw it into the heavens, against all the forces of nature which are talked about so learnedly? The facts are that all the arguments against miracles and inspiration, and the possibilities of them, assume atheism to start with, that there is no God to do it. Now, that kind of reasoning will never satisfy thoughtful men; and as long as you grant the existence of an omnipotent Creator, free, forceful, who loves us and seeks our highest good, you have granted the fundamental principle of all reasoning that miracles are possible, and inspiration is likely to ensue.

Young people, don't be led astray by these assumptions. Get your foundations right, and you will be saved from many heresies and many a foolish conclusion.

True Science

What is science? That is a word that is frequently on our lips. Some would limit it to the knowledge of nature. Science is knowledge systematized. Knowledge of what? Knowledge of facts. Science confines itself to facts, and seeks an explanation of them. What is progress in science? It is progress in explaining facts—not any particular class of

facts, but all facts. There are facts pertaining to the earth. There are facts pertaining to the stars. There are facts pertaining to matter. There are facts pertaining to language. There are facts pertaining to mind. There are facts pertaining to religion. Science deals with all these facts, and not any one special class. It seeks an explanation of everything. Science does not explain human opinion, or human assumption, or human theory—that is outside its province. These may be put forth to help explain facts, but science explains facts.

Now, facts have two different sources. Facts may arise outside of us, or within us. You hear my voice. You see me. The fact that I am on this platform comes to you outside of yourself. But there are feelings within you, there are facts that are arising within your soul now. These facts come from within. Thus there are two distinct classes of facts. But they both rest on the same foundation. How do you know that I am here? You say, "I see you." How do you know you see me? You are conscious of it. How do you know you have feelings in your heart? You reply, "I am conscious of them." Consciousness is the last test of facts. If you cannot trust your consciousness as to the facts within you, you cannot trust your consciousness as to the facts outside of you. Consciousness is the last test of facts. If consciousness does not tell the truth, you cannot put confidence in anything. Universal skepticism is the result.

True science is the explanation of facts that arise outside of us and facts that arise within us. A geologist goes out and he sees that there are rocks stratified, and he seeks to explain how that fact came to pass that the rocks should be stratified. That is his mission, to explain the relation of facts, their causes and effects. So there are facts that arise within us, feelings, volitions, etc. The metaphysician explains those facts, or tries to explain them. He advances a theory, he puts forth an hypothesis, he makes an assumption. Now, these are all valid for their purposes; their nature is to help explain the facts. The scientist, therefore, who deals with facts outside of us, coming from nature, coming through our perceptions, is dealing with one class. The metaphysician who examines the facts within us is dealing with another class, and the theologian who examines the facts in regard to religion is dealing with still another class. But it is all science.

A science, to be true, therefore, is simply a valid explanation of facts. Now, false science may come from a false explanation of a few facts, or an explanation of a few that will not meet the demands of the many. A complete science must know all the facts in that particular class, in order to make a full and complete explanation. Does the geologist know all the facts pertaining to the formation of this earth? No, he has a great deal to learn yet. Therefore geology as a science is incomplete. Has the astronomer all the facts pertaining to the stars in

the heavens? No. Therefore the science of astronomy is incomplete. And so we may speak of any science. Do we know all the facts connected with religion? Probably not. Therefore the science of religion is incomplete—we have not mastered it yet. Has any one ever mastered all facts pertaining to all the sciences? Only one, God. He knows all the facts, therefore he knows all the explanations. Therefore science, with him, is a completed product. But that is not true of man. Knowledge is progressive. The science of theology is incomplete, for that reason—we haven't all the facts yet; and if we had them, we might reason falsely.

Now, when Christ said, "I am the truth," he meant this: "I know all the facts of the universe, and I am the representative of all the facts of the heart, of the mind, of nature, of everything." There is no error within him, because he understands it all. One of the greatest difficulties in thinking about the facts of life and the universe is this: we put our opinions in the place of the facts. We get up our hypotheses to explain them, and we say, "These are true, and I have completed the whole work." Conceit, pride, is the peril of the thinker.

Romanes was one of the greatest scientists of England. Probably no man ever brought forth a greater argument against the doctrines of design, or final cause, than Romanes. It is said to have been the most masterly argument ever presented by

a human mind on that question. He threw away Christianity. He did not believe in the Word of God. But later he became a devout believer. And he wrote some notes that he intended to make into a book, answering himself. Those notes were in existence, when, unfortunately for us, he passed away and left his book incomplete. Romanes in speaking of the cause of skepticism, of his own skepticism, and of skepticism as he knew it, gives in substance this explanation: "There is no explanation of skepticism, there can be no explanation of my own false reasoning, but intellectual pride." "I took pride," he said, "in what I did, and it warped my judgment, and I could not see the truth. The reason why men reject the Word of God and Christianity as eternal truth is because of intellectual pride." That was the final decision of one who had passed through such an experience.

Now, if you and I are to be scientists in any department, examining facts, and trying to bring out true explanations of those facts and thus formulate a true science, we must get rid of our conceit. We must sit humbly at the feet of the Master, we must ask of him, "What is truth?" The question that Pilate put to Jesus and did not pause for an answer, you and I should put to the Infinite: "O, thou Infinite Mind, who knowest all things, thou who art alone the true scientist, teach me, for I know so little; help me not to go astray in my reasoning, help me to see facts as they are, help me to gather the

facts as thou knowest them." The spirit of the heart that comes in this attitude before truth will be led of God, it will receive wisdom from on high. May we always possess it!

Enthusiasm

I believe in enthusiasm in play. I have a vivid recollection of my boyhood in the old district schoolhouse. When the bell rang for recess or the noon hour how we rushed out on the field, set up our little games, and went to work. O, how we shouted, how we danced around in glee, how we wrought for victory for the time being! And then, having filled ourselves with the enthusiasm and spontaneous joy of play, we went back with an appetite for fractions, and we fed on them with great delight. That is the office of play in this world—to create an appetite for better things. We had no constitution, no umpire, and no twenty-five cents admission; but we did have glorious times. And when in college, out on old Washington Square, we made up our little cricket games and for an hour played and shouted and laughed and sang, and then returned to our Latin and our Greek with an appetite for both. That is the office of play—re-creation. And to be enthusiastic in it is very helpful.

But that is only a bonfire—it lasts for an hour. The idea of making sport the business of life is unworthy of a man. He is made for something greater, richer, nobler. This is only a means to an

end, to fit us for the great responsibilities and richer enthusiasms of true manhood.

I want to talk to you a moment about the most enthusiastic man that I know of in human history—a man whose enthusiasm was like the great anthracite coal fires down in the bowels of an Atlantic liner, driving the commerce of the world from land to land. That man's fire in his soul was fed by fuel that will never burn out. He had a great purpose, an overmastering passion that filled him with gladness and the most joyful anticipation of victory. That man was the apostle Paul. And what was the enthusiastic fire in his soul? It was this—a purpose brought before him by his Master, to destroy the works of the devil. Jesus Christ came into this world to destroy sin, and the apostle took hold of that thought and it became a fire within his heart. Now, you know sin is the cause of all human wretchedness and human wrongdoing and of all human injustice. If we could only get rid of that, what a heaven we would have on earth; and it was that thought that took possession of the apostle's mind. And what does he say to us in the accomplishment of that purpose? "For me to live is Christ." That was the enthusiasm that took possession of his soul; but it did not end there. That kind of enthusiasm that I am talking about this morning does not end with human life. For listen to him: "And to die is gain." Think of an enthusiasm that makes one all the more enthusiastic after he is dead. I think of

the apostle now after eighteen hundred years of enthusiastic life, more enthusiastic than ever, enthusiastic in the service of his Master. And I do not know but Paul is sent to the earth to help in the bringing in of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, the invisible Paul, in us, among us.

What you and I need is to get hold of a life purpose that will burn in our hearts with holy enthusiasm and teach us to work out this result that Christ came to accomplish, the destruction of sin, injustice and wrongdoing.

I like the enthusiasm of President Roosevelt. I commend his enthusiasm to you. And what is it that burns in that man's heart? It is the desire to make this nation pure and right and good and true, and to bring our citizens to a holy patriotism and to the service of what is right. Can anything be nobler than that? I like to see you enthusiastic in your play; but remember this is only temporary; a greater enthusiasm ought to take possession of your souls and should be begotten in you now, the enthusiasm of the apostle Paul, to help make this world what it ought to be. O, let us here in this school catch this purpose, and set our hearts on fire, and pledge ourselves each to the other that when life opens to us and play ceases for us, the great purpose of our life shall be to do good, to glorify God, to serve Christ and our fellow men, to make this world purer than we found it. Won't you catch that holy fire?

A Steam Engine

Yesterday I saw a magnificent engine standing in the B. and M. depot in Boston. I was waiting for my train to start, and I looked at that wonderful machine. The fire box was full of burning coal. The boiler was full of steam at a high pressure, and the machine was singing away, waiting for the touch of the engineer, to get off, and go with its freighted train to its destination.

And I fell to musing, "O, how like a human soul is that machine! What wonderful analogies there are between an engine and a human spirit." Shall I tell you what I thought about it?

That fire box full of burning coal—what does that represent? The human intellect. What is the fuel you burn in the fire box of the soul? Thoughts. Now, you can dump cold thoughts in there, thoughts without any fire in them, and you will never get any steam, just as you can fill the fire box of an engine full of unlighted fuel and you will never move the machine. You must have your thoughts on fire if you ever amount to anything. You can read all the literature in the world, and if it is not on fire—if there is nothing in it that burns in your soul—it won't move you or do you any good. But take thoughts and put them in a soul and set them on fire, and what will come to pass? Feelings, feelings.

Now, there is a great variety of feelings in the human soul. They can be classified as physical

feelings, such as appetites, or desires of the heart for something; or affections, the soul going out toward some object with holy enthusiasm. How do you awaken these feelings? By thinking, by putting fuel in the fire box, by putting thoughts in the intellect. When you think about a good Christmas dinner it will make you hungry; it starts the appetites; you long for the good Christmas turkey. When men think about money and what money will bring to them they begin to feel a craving in the heart for money. So the desires are stirred by thinking. The ambitions are aroused by thinking—that is the fuel that you have to put into the soul. A man who never thinks will never feel. Feelings are the product of thinking, just as much as the steam is the product of the burning coal in the fire box.

But of what use is feeling, of what use affection, of what use desire, if you don't let the feelings down on the will—if they do not touch the soul and the forces of action? That engine might stand there full of steam to all eternity, and it never would move until the engineer opened the valve and let the pressure of the steam down on the mechanism; and then it starts off with a shout of joy. Just so it is with a soul. You can think and think forever, and feel and feel forever, but if your feelings do not touch your will, you might as well be dead. Take that executive power out of the soul—the will, the power of choice, of volition—and of what use are you?

Your feelings must take hold of your volitional power, of the whole mechanism of the soul, before you will become a living force.

And right there stands the engineer, and he it is that brings all the feelings of the soul to bear upon the will. And who is that engineer? The soul itself. Now, the engineer was under no compulsion to open that valve and start that engine. He could have said, "I won't do it; steam on, O engine, sing on, O safety valve, but I won't move you." He was free, you see. So is the soul. No matter what feelings you have, no matter what sense of duty there may be in you, no matter what longings to be great and good—you must do something, you must resolve, you must use your will, or you will be a nobody forever.

Now, there is another lesson that we have not time this morning to touch upon, a very valuable lesson. I may speak to you about this hereafter. But there is a wonderful illustration of a soul in an engine. Study the analogy, will you not?

Vocal Organs

I once met a lady who had all the poise and bearing of a princess. Her gracious manner was very pleasing, and had she only been silent, the charm would have been delightful. But she opened her lips and spake, and, alas! the charm was broken. The voice came from the upper part of her cranium, high, piercing, ear-splitting. The voice repelled me.

Young ladies, there is a great charm in the voice if it is musical, rich; and there is great repulsion in a voice that is rasping. I meet with a word very frequently in my reading that has in it a great deal of meaning—that word is raucous. Please look in the dictionary and see what it means—raucous. A raucous voice is something terrible. God has given to you one of the most wonderful instruments and organisms that ever were created, and put it in your throat. It is the vocal organism. It is a wonderful instrument, delicate, easily injured, and yet susceptible of marvelous cultivation. We inherit voices of different *timbre* and of different influence in speech. Some of us have very sweet voices naturally and some rather rough and rasping. Nevertheless, a rasping voice can be cultivated so as to take away its filelike notes.

To cultivate a voice, to guard it, to save it from harsh tones, is one of the first fruits of true culture. I do not know of anything in modern life that is more likely to ruin the charm of your voice than modern athletic yells. Can it be true, gentlemen and ladies, that this nation has been saved from dissolution only to be conquered by its enemies? Can it be true that the youth of this nation have accepted the rebel yell as the expression of its sport-life? O, if you had ever heard the rich cheer, the open-throated hurrah of the Union soldiers on the battlefield, it would have charmed you. It was inspiring. But to hear that sharp, rasping rebel yell! Well do

I remember the first day of January, 1862, when I first heard that ear-splitting yell. It came to us in the midst of the zip, zip of the bullets. Can it be true that we have accepted a modified form of the rebel yell as the means of expressing our love of sport? Well, let the boys crack their vocal organs if they want to; but, young ladies, don't you do it! I beg of you, cultivate rich, sweet tones. I beg of you, as you would not draw a file over the delicate strings of a violin, do not rasp your vocal cords with these athletic shouts. They will ruin the voice. Cultivate sweet tones. Remember it is not very pleasing to hear the quack, quack of a duck, or the caw, caw of a crow. Let us use our vocal organs as God intended them, to bring out sweet sounds, so that your conversation may not be that of a high, rasping order, that raucous sound that we hear sometimes. Won't you remember this? It is a part of culture to have a sweet voice. Do not tear it in pieces by this modified yell of the playground.

Ivy Vines

Every year our departing class is accustomed to plant an ivy vine. I have watched the development of those vines with great interest. If you will go and look at our building, its artistic front, you will see the result. These little vines that are put out are very tender and liable to perish. But there is a vegetable instinct in them that aspires to something higher than the ground. They do not put out their

shoots and little tendrils around spears of grass, for they know that these will perish very soon, so they attach themselves to the solid granite. If you will go and look at these vines on the gymnasium or on the front of this building, you will see that they are reaching out for some little crevice in the granite or some little protuberance on the brick to which they can attach their little tendrils, delicate fibers, almost microscopic—but their aspirations are always upward. You will notice these vines aspire to the top, they are not satisfied to lie on the ground. After a while they may branch out to the right or the left, but they always climb upward and always attach themselves to the strong wall with a firm grasp.

I have studied these ivy vines and I have learned lessons from them. It is very easy to tear up a vine soon after it is planted, before it gets its roots deep in the ground; it does not take much strength to tear away the delicate fibers and little tendrils; but after years of growth no human power can pull up these roots, no human strength can tear away these tendrils; they are as strong as the walls of the building itself. So I have learned my lesson.

The soul has tendrils, as well as the ivy plant. And if you attach them to the ground you will surely fail. If your faith and your affections are attached to the things of this world, what is left you? You never can get up. Thank God, in my boyhood there came a great aspiration into my life to mount higher. And I threw out the little tendrils

of the soul and the little, delicate fibers of faith and attached them to the Christ, the Infinite Strength, and they have grown and grown, always upward, until no human power, it seems to me, or human temptation, could tear them asunder from that Infinite Strength, that marvelous Personality. They grow into every fiber and being of the Christ life. May it be so with you! In your youth, aspire upward. Like the ivy plant, lay hold of infinite strength. You are invited to do so. Throw out the delicate fibers of your soul, your faith, your affections, all your choices, upward, climbing higher and higher, until you become almost one with the infinite God. That is what the good Spirit will lead you to do. We sang this morning about that safe Guide. That is just what he will lead every soul to do. Lay hold of the Christ and infinite wisdom and grow in grace and in the knowledge of him. What these ivies do by instinct let us do by free choice. Let us not consent to lie in the mud and spread out our lives on this perishing earth. Let us lay hold of something that is massive and infinite, and it will be our support and joy forever. When you look at these ivy vines imitate them, imitate them!

Self-Mastery

If you were to burn a thousand tons of coal under a million gallons of water in an open vessel, it would amount to nothing. There would not be an ounce of power left you. You would evaporate all the

water in the open air and no power would be left for your use; but you can take a single ton of coal and put it under a closed boiler, under ribs of steel, and evaporate it and it will carry you to Boston, it will do the work of your home, it will help you in ten thousand ways to accomplish the ends of life. It then becomes a power.

It is just so with human emotion. I believe in excitement. I have no sympathy with a soul that is cold as ice—I want the heart life. God himself is filled with emotion, and your heart and mine should be when great truths are presented to it. A soul that cannot be roused by the wonderful revelations of God's Book as to our relations to him and to each other and our duties to ourselves is a soul that is dead. And when these claims and obligations are brought to us every heart should be thrilled with intense emotion. But that emotion must be controlled, regulated, brought under the dominion of the will, or it will amount to nothing. You may be stirred to the very depth of your being, excited almost beyond the possibility of self-control, it will do you no good, or anybody else, unless you seize it, lay hold of it with a masterly grip, bind it as with bonds of steel, aided by the Divine Spirit, bring it into subjection to some great, holy inspiration. That is what life means.

In my young manhood I passed through ten years of intense excitement. It began in 1856 and ended in 1866. It began in a whirlwind and it ended in a

cyclone. You have never seen such hours as I passed through in '61, when this whole nation was aroused with intensest feelings, excited beyond the possibility of representing it in human language. And yet this nation caught out of that excitement a holy inspiration, and that inspiration carried us through the Civil War. It led to the consecration of soul, body, and spirit of the young life of this nation on the battlefield. To do what? To save this nation from dismemberment and to free the slave. It became an intense conviction and an intense emotion and an intense heart life to accomplish the great result. O, what an hour that was to everyone! How it broadened us, how it consecrated us to great purposes, under the leadership of God! Let me tell you the inspiration was the result of prayer. This nation got on its knees in '61. We know but little of the intensity and agony of prayer that was carried up to Almighty God in those cyclonic hours, and God came and consecrated our excitement and our emotion to the supreme end that he had in view, and we succeeded.

Young people, if your religious excitement, if your religious emotions aroused by the presentation of gospel truth, do not make you better scholars, if they do not lead to richer consecration to duty, it will not amount to much. Your spiritual life depends upon your now seizing these feelings, utilizing them, controlling them, bringing them into subjection to a holy inspiration. What is that in-

spiration? To join the great hosts of God in bringing this world back to Jesus Christ. If you can catch the meaning of these feelings, if you can utilize them, if you can consecrate them, they will become mighty spirit forces in your soul, working upon the machinery of mind, heart, and will to make you a servant of the infinite God, useful in society, and a joy and an everlasting blessing to yourselves. Can you do it? You cannot do it alone. O, I want every young heart that has been stirred here now, quietly, in the silence of your own room, to take yourself to your knees and ask of Almighty God, "What means this feeling in my heart, and what can I do?" If it leads to the cry of the apostle Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" it will lead you to the same sublime life that it led him, for if there ever was an enthusiast, and if there ever was a man whose soul did thrill with excitement of the highest emotions, with the most consecrated and sacred affections, it was the apostle Paul; and he should be an example to us now. From this hour, let us say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and may you bring all these impulses of your young life in subjection to God's answer to your prayer. God has a work for every one of you. I covet for you that you consecrate your young lives to the work of carrying the gospel to the ends of the earth, either by consecrated money gained through business, honest business, or else with the gift of yourself in honest, earnest, vital speech to those who

need your words of sympathy, of instruction, and help. Let us take now the excitements of the hour and master them, by the help of God, and consecrate them to the great ends of life. But now your first duty is scholarship, earnest work, godly living, faithful prayer, forming the habits of a true Christian life. Can't we do that? Can't we begin now? If so, the coming of our brother to this town and to this school will never be forgotten by any of you, and will be a source of gladness and song throughout eternity.

A Genuine Life

Our last Sunday school lesson gave us some of the experiences of Samson, consecrated from his birth to deliver Israel from the yoke of Philistine bondage. Great physical powers in those days were more important in battle than to-day. It is the small man who makes the best soldier now—he presents less surface to the enemy, and because he is more wiry and capable of enduring fatigue than the large man. But it was not so in that age. A man of colossal stature, of great muscular power, was the leader and victor in the battle in those times. Hence God endowed him with superhuman energy for the purpose of freeing Israel from the bondage of the Philistines. Samson was a wonderful man physically. What a football player he would have made in this day! All of the colleges of the nation would have been bidding for Samson. He could have had his education free and a thousand dollars salary a

year to play football in almost any college in this country. No man could hold him.

And yet, what did he do with it all? Endowed as he was, what use did he make of this superhuman energy? Was he faithful to his trust? Did he say, "I am responsible to God for my great strength, and to him I must make answer"? We have been talking to you the past week or two about the use of great forces. We have contrasted two men in their use of their money. But money is not the only power that God gives to us. He gives to one man physical strength; he gives to another great intellectual gifts of one kind or another. But for all these endowments we are responsible to God. And what use do we make of them? What did Samson do with his great strength, given him that he might release Israel from foreign dominion. He wasted it in self-indulgence, in riotous living, in sport. Forgetting that he was accountable to God, he simply used these great energies, loaned to him for a purpose, to make a laugh. Samson was the great sport of the world—an illustration of fun as an end of life. Whether he tied the foxes' tails together, or whatever he did, fun seemed to be the end of his existence, without regard to his responsibility to his Maker—a life wasted, a life lost as a great joke. And only when his eyes were put out, and in utter darkness he seemed to repent of his past, he began to fulfill his mission by bringing down in ruin the leaders of the Philistine host.

Now, there is great peril in these days to young people in view of our personal accountability to God. Some one said one day to Mr. Webster, "Mr. Webster, what is the greatest thought that ever entered your soul?" Webster bowed his head in serious thought and answered, "The greatest thought that I ever had in my mind was my personal accountability to God." And wasn't he right?

You are given talents of one kind or another. What do you propose to do with them—use them for your own pleasure, or, under the stress of duty and love, do you propose to use them to the glory of your Maker and the well-being of your fellow men? Take your literary societies, and there is a constant battle going on, for there is an element in every literary society that is simply after fun and frolic; and there is another element that seeks to lift these literary societies to usefulness, to the culture of the intellect, in preparing us for the great conflict of life before us. Which shall master? It is a constant conflict going on in your societies now. How will you spend your time—for sport, for play, or for real, vigorous exercise of the soul? This same battle is going on in every school and college in this country. What is the end of life here—fun, sport, or a full and complete preparation, with a sense of duty to guide us for the coming conflicts? Now, play is a good thing. There is a time in life when play is the only pastime of a child—God made it so. In the early years of infancy and childhood young

people naturally take to play; because they are growing they need bodily vigor, and play brings it out; but there comes a time when play must gradually give way to duty and to solid work. The apostle said, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Samson did not do that—he was always a child. Now, what is the end of life to you? What should be the overmastering and controlling passion of your hearts? You are facing duties and great responsibilities. Let play be a recreation. Let it be a pastime for the sake of higher ends. That is its office. A' man who hasn't any fun or love of fun or humor in his nature is to be pitied. But a man who makes fun and humor the end of his life is to be despised. He has sold out his birthright. In all your sports let them be secondary to the work you have in hand now. Go to your gymnasium, laugh and shout and play, and when you have finished that and the hour of recreation is over, then to your work, your books. You may not relish it; but it is your task, it is your duty. Do it as unto God, and you will be fitting yourself for the various responsibilities of life.

Be Clean

We wish you all a happy new year. We can only wish it—we cannot give it to you. It is for you to make it happy or otherwise. The responsibility rests with you.

I want to speak to you, however, out of the experience of threescore and ten New Year's Days. Young people ought to accept counsel from those who have seen much of life. I think I appreciate some of the means of true success, and I think I understand some of the causes of great failures in this world. And now from this experience I want to say a word to you this New Year's morning. It is a fitting time to say it.

If I were where you are—fourteen to seventeen years old, or more—I would adopt certain principles to govern my life. One great principle I would adopt. I would not allow my habits or conduct to be shaped by the conduct of all the rest of the world, unless my common sense approved. Some people say, "Everybody does so." What if everybody does? Everybody may be wrong. I want to be right. I would not imitate the masses if my common sense proved to me that the masses were making a mistake. I would stand alone in the right. I would form my conduct and habits by a higher standard than public sentiment or public conduct. That is the first great principle I would give you this New Year's morning, out of the experience of more than threescore years and ten.

Now, having given you that principle, I would adopt another purpose. I would be clean. I would live a clean life, in body, soul, and spirit. I would have a clean mouth. A liberal use of a toothbrush adds to one's self-respect. A pig has more self-

respect than to use tobacco. I would have more self-respect than a pig. I would not touch it in any form—it never was made to be put into a man's mouth, for the mouth should be clean. Now, an unclean mouth leads to a great many temptations and poor associations. How often in riding in a clean railroad car I have seen a young man get up and go to the smoker; and I never pass through a smoking car, with all its filth and debasing atmosphere, without feeling that it is one of the vestibules to perdition. And that comes from having an unclean mouth. I would keep in a pure atmosphere, the purer the better. I would keep my tongue pure. I would not use slang with it, neither would I use filthy profanity. Think of using the name of the infinite Christ in vain! Think of the debasing influences of impure speech! Think of the uncleanliness of the mind that can use a tongue in defaming the pure character of the infinite God! Ah, now, if I were where you are, out of the experience of a long life, I would say I would keep a clean mouth at any cost.

More than that, in order that my mouth might be clean, I would keep a clean mind. I would have my thoughts clean. And what disaster I have seen in this world from low thinking! I would read the best books I could get hold of. I would seek the purest associations in life. I would seek for the noblest type of thoughts that my mind could entertain. I would feed on them. I would get the best

of poetry and the best of literature; especially I would have the rich suggestions that fall from the lips of the Christ.

And I would keep a clean heart. I would get that at any cost—a heart free from selfishness, Godless ambitions, and those aspirations that are created by a corrupt public sentiment. It was the great Master who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." If I were where you are I would pray for the vision of God more than all else. I would want to see just as little of the devil as possible. I would not seek for the slums, except to cure the slums. I would seek to behold the pure character of the Infinite and to be like him. That would be the highest aspiration of my heart, if I sat in the seats where you sit; and thus I would be elevated and purified and cleansed, so that I might be happy in the society of the good, and only happy in the society of the good. I would fit myself for that select society that must be clean to enter into the heaven, for nothing that is filthy can ever enter there.

Thank God, the spirit of this institution is to be clean. Only a clean life can be tolerated in this school, or those who are aspiring for it or who give promise to seek a clean life. That is the spirit and purpose of this institution this New Year's morning. Yes, if I were one of you I would pray, "O, God, make me clean, body, soul, and spirit; thus alone can I reach the high destiny of an immortal soul."

Sunlight

Last week one of the illustrated papers gave us a number of photographs of a certain section of the sun. There was a black spot on the surface of the sun, and some little distance away there was a dark cloud, shaped somewhat like a long-necked squash. These photographs were taken rapidly, and they revealed that that dark cloud was moving very fast toward that round black hole. In a very few moments it reached it and then with inconceivable velocity rushed into it and was lost, swallowed up in that round hole on the sun's surface. It was estimated that the cloud must have been moving a hundred miles a second. When you remember that a hundred miles' velocity in an hour means a tornado you can appreciate what must have been the rapidity and the marvelous action on the sun's surface of a hundred miles a second. What a mystery is the sun! Astronomers are doing their best to solve it, but they are perplexed with its enormous problems. How little they understand about it! They know some things, and other things are almost beyond the possibility of conception. Now, that sun, that marvelous body in the heavens, is the source of light to us. You and I and all vegetation about us would perish in an hour if you were to blot out that sun. We virtually live in it. Its relations to us are so intimate! There is one very remarkable fact, however, about it. Dr. Conn, professor of biology in the Wesleyan University, is employed as one of the

investigators in the Storrs experiment station in Connecticut. That experiment station is sustained by the United States government. Very frequently he sends me pamphlets concerning the results of their biological investigations. His department is very largely that of investigating the sources of purity and impurity in milk. Those investigations are wonderfully entertaining. They show us that there are two distinct classes of bacteria—one almost essential to the purity of the milk, and the other class of bacteria pollutes the milk and destroys it for human purposes. Now, if you can develop the good bacteria you will have milk that will be preserved sweet and pure; if you develop the injurious bacteria the milk sours, becomes noxious, and is destructive to human life. These investigations reveal this fact, that sunlight, pure sunlight, develops, multiplies, and energizes the good bacteria, and the same sunlight weakens and destroys the bad bacteria. This is a marvelous fact. Mark you, the same sunlight does it—develops the good, destroys the bad. Hence that experiment station has begun plans for barns in which farmers may keep their cattle and produce pure milk. And these barns must be full of windows to let in the air and the sunlight. If you will reflect now on the actual situation in this country you will find a great many barns exclude the sunlight, the cattle are kept in pens where there is no light. Such dark and dismal stables encourage and develop noxious bacteria and weaken

the good. If farmers would have good milk they must have sunlight on their cattle and in their stables. That is the practical result—the same sunlight that purifies destroys.

If you read the eighty-fourth psalm, you will find there a marvelous statement, "The Lord God is a sun." I have thought of that so much! I have meditated upon it, but I never dared to preach a sermon on that text—it was too vast, too illimitable—"The Lord God is a sun." What mighty forces exist in the sun—all regulated by law, motions that reach a hundred miles a second, and yet all governed by an omnipotent will! What wonderful lessons for us! O, this is a marvelous fact, that the presence of God, who is a sun, gives life and joy and sweetness and energy to the loyal and obedient and the good; and the same sun, the same Presence, is a devouring fire to the disloyal, the disobedient, the selfish, and the wicked. Here revelation harmonizes with science. The same power that gives gladness to the good soul brings wretchedness and perdition to the bad soul. One of the most marvelous sentences that were ever penned fell from the lips of Jesus Christ, who represents God on earth and among the nations. Speaking of the wicked he says, "The wrath of God abideth on him." Just as the sunlight abides on the bad bacteria, so the face of God is a frown, is darkness, is death to the wicked.

There is one distinction between good and bad

bacteria and good and bad people, one marked distinction. The good bacteria cannot help being good and the bad bacteria cannot help being bad; but the very gist and glory of the gospel is this, that bad people may become good. By their own choice, by submitting to the provisions that God himself has established, the disobedient and the lawless may become obedient and holy. If the wrath of God abides on us forever, it will not be his fault, but ours. We will have it so. O, may the good Spirit help you and me, here and now, to hear the gospel cry, "Come unto me, and I will give you a new heart, and I will make you good, and I will fit you for my eternal smile, which is health and life and peace"!

Christmas

It has been the wish of my life to visit Palestine. Providential circumstances have prevented. I have never seen the Holy Land. If, however, I should ever have the privilege, I should go up to Jerusalem from the coast by railway, and then take an hour's ride to the southward until I came to Bethlehem. Sitting there on the slope of the hillsides of that village, I would look out over the most wonderful spot on this earth. Three thousand years ago, in imagination, I would see Ruth reaping and gleaning in the barley fields. A little while after, I would look out over those valleys where David went to school. I would look upon the greatest university in this world; I call it David's university. I had a

suggestion by the speech of the blind man yesterday afternoon, and I may some time in the future talk to you about David's university. He touched on it yesterday, and it opened my eyes to a great field of truth. But that is not all. Over that wonderful section of the world's landscape I would look upon fields illuminated by angelic life; I would hear in imagination angelic voices. We may consider that we have quite a good orchestra; we are glad to listen to the sweet music of that orchestra; but I do not think that our orchestra ever could compare with that oratorio that was heard at Bethlehem—angelic voices singing the song of the birth of Jesus Christ. It seems to me that I should live a year in an hour if I were permitted to sit upon the slopes of Bethlehem and look out over those fields where such marvelous historic events took place.

We are approaching the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ. I wonder when you get to your homes and are in the midst of these anniversary days, amid their joys and blessings and their outspoken happiness—I wonder if you will remember that they are but an anniversary of what took place at Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago. Can we dispense with Bethlehem? Can we ever forget Ruth, that wonderful pastoral poem that has no equal in human language in its simplicity, in its purity, in its beauty, in its unfoldings of the heart life of womanhood? Can we ever forget the home, the birthplace of David, and the well of water with

its sweet fluid from which he longed to drink when driven away by his enemies? Can we ever forget that wonderful oratorio of heaven, bringing to us good will, peace on earth? Do you know what it all means? It means the beginning of hope in human history. All the earth before the birth of Jesus was dark and desponding, when his birth opened the light of the future. All the human races had no hope until that night when the angelic choir sounded out of the skies, "Peace on earth, good will to men." I want you to remember what Christmas means. I want you to turn back to that wonderful gift, the greatest gift that could come to a human soul. Some of you may have rich presents from your parents, presents that you have coveted, that will endure for a time. Remember that all earthly presents will perish, they soon lose their value to us; but here is a gift, here is a present that grows more and more precious as the centuries roll on, the gift of God to man, the gift of the little Babe of Bethlehem—"silent night, starry night," but heaven sounded out its good will to humanity.

O, when we say, "Thank you," for what our parents give us at Christmas time, may every heart look up and devoutly say, "Thank you, Father," for the gift of Jesus Christ. If we have not this spirit, we forget what Christmas means. If we cannot thank God out of a full heart, what use is it to thank our earthly friends for what they give us? Let us have hearts of gratitude at Christmas time.

We wish you great joy in your homes. We wish you many presents and tokens of love from your friends. But, O, human heart, forget not the greatest of good gifts, the gift of Jesus. For if you and I ever reach the richness of heaven, we will join in a song that will never end, a song of thanksgiving to Him who gave himself for us, for revelation teaches us that the great oratorio of heaven that shall never end is this—"Salvation to our God and to the Lamb." I want you all to enjoy the Christmas spirit and remember the greatest of all gifts. When you hold in your hand anything that your friends have given you that gives you joy, I want you to think of that greater gift that you cannot hold in your hand, for it is too infinite to be handled by human hands—it can only find its resting place in human hearts that love Him forever.

Faith

I told you last term that some time in the future I should talk to you about the university of David. The subject was brought to my attention by some statement made by the blind man who lectured to us a few weeks ago.

The university of David—what did it give him? I do not know whether he studied any foreign language in it, or that he was enabled to solve any algebraic problems; I do not know that he acquired any mental discipline in the line of our text-books that you study; but I do know this fact—that university

developed in the heart of David a great faith. That word "faith" is a theological term that some people think is of little consequence, a kind of illusion of the mind; but let me ask you this question: Is it possible for a man in this world to achieve any great results without faith? Faith is essential to all greatness. There never was a man who has shaped destinies in this world, or helped to do it, who was not a man of great faith. What is faith? Faith is the soul trusting something. Take away the faith of the soul and what is left but weakness? Now, the great faith that was developed in the soul of David was trust in the living God. And what did it do for him? Did it ever occur to you why it was that David accomplished on the battlefield what no other soldier in the army of Israel dared to attempt? Did you ever solve this problem, why all the soldiers of Saul drew back and feared that great giant, that great athlete Goliath? David faced him in victory. See him as he goes down into that valley, meeting the challenge of Goliath, without a spear, without a sword, with nothing but his shepherd's staff in his hand and his shepherd's bag on his thigh in which were five smooth pebbles, and his shepherd's sling in his right hand, going down to meet Goliath covered with armor, with a spear like a weaver's beam, the great giant of the Philistines. See him now as he approaches Goliath. The great athlete disdains him; he looks upon it as a joke, that a little boy should come to attack him, the great soldier of the

army of the Philistines, and he says to him: "Come here, young man, and I will give your flesh to the fowls of the heavens and to the beasts of the fields." And what does David say? "Thou comest to me with a sword and spear and shield, but I come to thee in the name of the God of hosts and the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." There you see the victory of faith, faith in God. And he smote the athlete, cut off his head, and did what no soldier in the army of Israel dared to do, because he lacked David's faith—the faith he got in his university.

I want to show you this morning that such faith as that is a development, it is a product. Some of you may say, "Why, God put it in him." Well, there is a sense in which the Divine Spirit inspires great souls; but nevertheless, great faith is a human product. While God gives us the faith faculty just as he gives us the faculty of memory, it is the use we make of that faculty that determines whether we shall have great faith or not. Now, David had the faculty that God had put in him exercised in his university, and there gained this mighty faith that gave him the victory over Goliath. Please remember, now, that faith is a product. We make it. It is not absolutely and arbitrarily the gift of God. The faculty may be, but the use we make of it—upon that depends whether we shall be men of great faith or not, and it is the use that determines. Now, where and in what way did David develop that faculty that produced this faith in his soul? I have

not time this morning to develop that; I am simply pointing out to you where David got his great faith —in his university, by the course of life that he pursued. And in the future, in my talks to you, I want to illustrate this great fact and show you how you can develop just such faith as he possessed and how you can miss it.

Solitude

I spoke last week of the great faith of David. I said that faith was developed by his manner of life. Now, what were the conditions under which that faith was produced? They were two: first, solitude; second, solitude improved in a peculiar way.

I want to talk this morning about the first—solitude. David was a shepherd boy, and a shepherd is much alone. Some years ago I read a magazine article on the great sheep-ranches of California, and I was impressed with this fact. It stated that the shepherds are so lonely, so hungry for human brotherhood, that they frequently become insane. A shepherd is one who is out under the starry canopy with his flocks, alone. Now, that solitude is favorable for meditation. There is nothing to distract one's thoughts when you are in solitude. You can concentrate your mind upon any subject you wish. My attention was called to this subject especially by the remark of the blind man who spoke to us. He said, "We do not ask for sympathy. We have spiritual compensations that you know not of.

We are deprived of our eyesight, but that is favorable for the concentration of the soul upon truth. All the faculties of the mind are developed and strengthened from the fact that we are blind. Our minds are not distracted by the many pictures that distract you. Hence memory becomes more powerful, more tenacious; hence the reasoning powers become strengthened; hence we are in solitude—our souls are with themselves, studying and investigating and delving for the truth. We are like men who are delving down in the mines, bringing forth precious fruitage by our toil." The law partner of Abraham Lincoln said this of him—it was his custom, at times, to lie for hours on his back on the office floor, his eyes shut, thinking, thinking, thinking. He abstracted himself from all his surroundings and lay there with his eyes closed, thinking on the great problems of human society, studying out the great principles underlying the Constitution of the United States, delving into those great principles that concern the rights of humanity—alone, thinking.

Now, solitude is favorable for reflection and thought. The distractions of social life are taken away, and we are alone with ourselves. I want to say to you this morning that there never was an era in the history of civilization so unfavorable to the formation of great faith and great character as the time in which you live. There are perils to-day that were not known to our fathers—perils that

threaten to make us superficial and frivolous; and those perils are the lack of solitude. Modern society is one vast field of distraction. There is scarcely any solitude in the home. The children, seeking frivolity and excitement, are out on the streets, attracted by the glare of the electric lights and the beautiful colors that are displayed everywhere in the stores to awaken an appetite to purchase; while the parents are called out by the many lodges and the societies and the shows that are multiplying continually the distractions of our social life. If it is not the excitement of the ball games it is the excitement of the dance and the theater—distractions on every hand to take us out of ourselves, and to lead us to live in our senses, in the eyesight and in the hearing of the ear, and there is no time left to us to think; solitude is broken up and we are never alone. I have heard young girls say, " I do not like to be alone, I like to be in society." O, you poor, frivolous, superficial creatures, you who have been talking that way. Your life is a life of excitement, and you find your best pleasures there rather than in great thoughts. O, I am touching upon one of the perils of the hour, not only to scholarship, but to character.

I come into this school Sabbath afternoons in the quiet hour, and I pause to ask myself, "What does this mean? Is there anybody in this building during this quiet hour, the hour devoted to solitary meditation and reflection on life and its great prob-

lems?" and I say, "O, it is good; if we can only improve this hour as we ought to, what precious results will come to these young lives!" O for more quiet hours in our school life! I know this—in the past, many parents have sent their children away from the high-school social life to this institution that they might have more solitude and freedom from social distractions. They wanted their children to learn to think and to have broad visions of life and duty, and they thought they could not find it in the social life at home, there was so much of it.

Now, I want to say that solitude will not make perfect character; but it is favorable to the development of great character. But there must be a balance between solitude and society. Solitude is favorable for gathering great thoughts and forming great purposes; but society is necessary for the culture and the expression of what we have gained in solitude. An excess of either is faulty and injurious; too much society makes frivolous character; too much solitude lacks the polish of expression that is essential to perfect development. What we need is a perfect balance of the two. Do you not know that one of the great questions that are being discussed all through this nation to-day in our educational system arises from the fact that these social distractions lead to perverted development, and there is no solitary hour for the production of great scholarship or great thoughtfulness or great character?

Now, David was a lonely man, lonely because his circumstances made him lonely, and he used those hours in profound thought. What did he think about? I cannot tell you this morning. I will tell you next Wednesday morning what he thought about. I will tell you how he improved those hours of solitude, and I will point out, then, I trust, an illustration of how you should spend your hours of solitude in order to the development of that great faith and the noble character that David possessed.

The point I make this morning is this: Social distractions are antagonistic to great scholarship, to great faith, to great character. We must be alone; we must reflect; we must meditate if we ever hope to be great; and social distractions destroy those conditions that develop the greatness of the soul life.

How David Improved Solitude

Solitude is only opportunity. Like money, it may be a blessing or a curse. It is a blessing when we use it rightly, a curse when we abuse it; and we have the choice whether to use it correctly or not. Christianity does not indorse the hermit life at all—no man is made good by absenting himself from society. Our life is to be lived among our fellow men. Solitude is simply an opportunity to get ready to live that life and to live it well.

Now, what did David do with solitude? Lying out there on the green grass on the plains of Bethlehem, guarding his father's flocks, what did the

boy David think about? What were the uppermost questions in his soul? They were these. As he looked up at the starry canopy above him he asked himself these questions: "Who made these stars? Who lifted these mountains round about Jerusalem? Who made me? Who is he? Where does he live? What is his nature? What claims has he on me? What are my relations to him? What duties have I to perform to him?" These are the subjects that occupied the soul of David in his solitude—the greatest topics upon which a human soul can dwell. Algebraic formulas are good; the classics may be a blessing; the sciences may fit us for earthly life; but all these are secondary compared with the questions that started up in the soul of David. Now, such questions as these come naturally to childhood. Helen Keller, in her autobiography, tells us that when she was sufficiently educated by her teacher to get some glimpses of things that are, these questions came up in her heart: "Who made me? Who is he? What does he want of me?" and, says she, "I fired these questions so rapidly at my teacher that she could scarcely give an answer before I began another." The questions that come up in the soul of childhood are these questions of cause and our relations to that great cause. Happy is the boy who asks himself these questions and uses solitude to answer them.

Where did David get his answer? There are some hints, some slight information to be obtained

from the starry canopy and from nature about us; but I want to say that David got his answers out of the Book—not the Book as we have it, for only a portion of it was in his hands. He had Genesis, and there he read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." And then he went on to read through Exodus and Leviticus and Deuteronomy and Judges. These were the books that were in his hands and that answered these great questions that originated in his soul. He learned there of the long-suffering of God; he learned there of his commandments; he learned there of his character; he learned there of the history of the patriarchs, his ancestors; he learned there of the marvelous miracles that led his people out of Egypt; he learned there of their wanderings, of the judgments of God upon them for their sins; he learned there of the nature of God; he learned there his duty to that God; he learned out of the Book his answers to these questions. And when he saw the Invisible he bowed his head reverently—there were no questions in his heart about myth and legend; they were living realities to David, these miracles of these books of the Pentateuch—he bowed his head reverently in the presence of the Unseen and worshiped and adored and obeyed. And his soul grew by what it fed upon, and a great faith was begotten in that heart in the presence of the Invisible, in the pure, miracle-working agencies of the Divine; and when the hour of testing came, his faith failed not, not

even in the presence of Goliath. There is your answer. God waved aside the curtains of nature, the Invisible came out and revealed himself to the inner life of David, and he saw his God in the history of his nation.

You ask me a very important question—How do you know this? Where did you get your information? I answer, No man can read the psalms of David and not be impressed with these facts. No man can read the teachings, the inner experiences of David there, as he left these psalms upon record for the culture of the world through three thousand years, without seeing where David got his faith. It was in the study of the Word, reverently bowing before the Infinite. And when he got these answers he took them to heart. They touched the vital springs and he cried out, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters; he restoreth my soul." Here is where David got his faith—out of the Book; out of the history, the revealed history of God and his treatment of the nation up to his age.

Ah, but you say David was inspired? Yes, I accept the statement inspired; but why did God inspire him? Because he had used his faculties and his solitary hours in such a way that God could use him. And all great men whom God inspires for great service preceded that inspiration by yielding themselves up to the divine will. You ask me as I come

to read Abraham Lincoln's debates with Douglas where he got his knowledge of constitutional law. Where did Lincoln get his mastery of the principles underlying human rights that enabled him to antagonize and to conquer that great man Stephen A. Douglas and march straight to the Presidential chair? He got the mastery of these principles, as I told you last week, lying on his back in his office, with his eyes shut, thinking, thinking, thinking on these great problems. And God helped him and came and elected him to his great sphere of usefulness and to martyrdom and to eternal honor among the nations. God elects those souls to great service in this world who improve their solitary hours in mastering the great problems of life, not passing those hours by dwelling upon the sensuous, the distracting, and the ruinous.

Prayer

There is a collision at sea. A vessel is sinking in the ocean. What is to be done? A man goes into his office and sends out a cry for help. He sends it out into a dense fog. He sends it out into the invisible air. He shouts to the skies. Who can hear him? But a vessel nearly two hundred miles away picks up that prayer and turns its prow toward the sinking ship and saves hundreds of lives. That is a marvelous thing to do.

And here is a man who mans the ship of state; it is wounded and sinking in the sea, and he goes into

his closet and sends out a cry to God. He says, "O, God, we cannot stand another Chancellorsville—give us Gettysburg." He sends it out into the unknown. He sees no God with mortal eye; he cries to the winds, apparently—he shouts to the heavens. Who can hear him? But an answer comes back to that burdened soul, and he rests in peace.

Have you read the story of General Rusling to which I called your attention last week? Was Abraham Lincoln wise in what he did? Was Mr. Binns wise when he sent out his wireless telegram, he knew not whither? Both appealed to an invisible source for help, and both got answers. Yet you say, "What use is prayer?" I ask you, what use is the wireless telegraph? But you say, "I can understand the wireless telegram, but I cannot understand prayer." Can you understand the wireless telegram? Can you explain it? There is not a man on this earth who can tell us how one ship can send a dispatch to another. The scientists are dumb. They know the fact—it can be done, and the answer can come; but how it can be done passes all human comprehension. We throw out hypotheses and theories to account for these things, but we cannot demonstrate that our hypotheses are right. We say there is ether in the air and all about us, and that explains it. But who ever saw ether? There is not a scientist in the universe who can tell us what ether is; and yet we use the something and get the benefit of it.

So in prayer—no man has seen God with the mortal eye; no man has touched him with the senses of the body; and yet if the soul in its conscious need cries to God he can get the answer that Abraham Lincoln got.

I want to impress upon you this morning the exceeding great value of prayer. You are just beginning the great voyage of life; you are going out on unknown seas; there are dense fogs all about us; we are liable to have collisions in this world—we collide with temptations that we cannot resist alone. What are we to do? When sinking in despair there is only one thing to do—to call for help. Send out your heart message to the ear that can hear; call upon the living God, as Binns called to the Baltic; and if your heart be right, and you fulfill the conditions, you have the pledge that you will be answered—though your ship may sink, though you may go down to death, yet the heart, the living passenger, will be saved. No doubt about it. O, don't you despise prayer. It is talking to the Invisible; but there is One there who hears the cry of the humble, the yearning, contrite, needy heart. Do not neglect to pray, young people. Form the habit of it now. When you feel you need anything, conform to the conditions made known and the promises of your God, and send out your message. Send it out with a heart yearning for an answer, and you will get it. If it does not come in just the way that you want it, it will come in a better way. It will come,

for God can hear, as well as the Baltic. I cannot explain how. O, the mysteries of life! But the fact, that is what we want—faith in the fact; and do you know that there are tens of thousands and millions who can tell you, "My prayer has been answered." "I called unto the hills from whence cometh my help," and the help came. Abraham Lincoln said that. Tens of thousands have said it. Let us act upon it, though we cannot explain its mystery.

Muffled Sins

You will find in Harper's Weekly in the reading room a description of a marvelous invention. The purpose of that invention is to destroy the noise made by a rifle when it is fired. It has proved itself a complete success, and may be applied to any weapon, a cannon, a rifle, or a pistol. A deadly shot may be fired without so much as a sound. Now, there are unlimited possibilities of mischief in that invention. It is a fearful thing. Hitherto armies could detect the locality of an enemy by the sound of the rifle or the cannon, and by this means, this invention, an army may be fired upon by an enemy, and it is impossible to detect where they lie, or from whence comes the deadly bullet. Not only that, but a President riding out may be fired upon by an assassin and none can detect where the bullet comes from. The noise, the crack of a rifle now deters the assassin. Take that away, and with smokeless powder, it is impossible to detect the murderer—

it destroys the evidence at once. You see the fearful possibilities to the good from the presence of the evil with such an invention as this.

Fortunately for us, there are many sins that reveal themselves to us by the noise they make. Society is shocked and locates the sin; the act reveals itself—it reveals itself to the actor and it reveals itself to others. Such sins are murder, theft, lying—they reveal themselves; but there are other sins that do not make a noise, and they are just as great as those that do. They scarcely make a revelation of themselves to the soul itself. And the result is we do not count them as sins—they are slight mistakes, errors of judgment, matters of no account at all. Our conscience is not disturbed by such transgressions as these because they seem to have very little self-revealing power. We are deterred from murder by the noise that murder makes and the surety of its detection. We are deterred from falsehood because of the attitude that society takes toward it. Such things as these we count sins, great sins; and we congratulate ourselves that we are not guilty of such sins as these, these sins that make a great noise. But how many of us have no consciousness of the sins that make no noise? This is the peculiar peril of cultivated society; sins that make no sound we come to regard as of slight importance in the sight of God—it is the peril of culture. There are multitudes of people who are highly cultivated, highly moral, their lives are beautiful—they would not

murder, they scorn to lie, they will not steal; but they will commit sins just as bad in the sight of God without a quiver of conscience. Do you know there is no greater sin than to ignore the claims of Jesus Christ? That makes no sound in your soul, does it? Have you not done it, and yet you do not feel guilty? It is a soundless sin, and yet there is none greater. Think of who he is, and what he has done, and what he claims from us; and we simply are indifferent to it and pass it by and ignore those claims. Can there be a greater sin than that? and yet it makes no sound in the soul. It is a muffled sin. When God's Spirit quickens us and reveals it to us in its true light, as he sees it, then the heart begins to quiver. Are we not guilty of this, we who would scorn to murder or to steal? Hear the outcry of the psalmist, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults" —noiseless sins. Cleanse thou me from faults that I scarce detect and that make no evidence of their existence in my consciousness, secret faults—cleanse my heart from these sins. That is a good prayer. You and I ought to offer it often. "Keep thy servant back from presumptuous sins"—sins of overconfidence, sins that belong peculiarly to the moral and in the worldly sense to the good, presumptuous sins—let them not have dominion over me—that is the prayer of the psalmist. He saw there were noiseless transgressions, muffled sins, like this invention that stifles the crack of a rifle. So it is possible for us to harbor hatred and envy and pride and self-

will, sins that the world does not regard as of much consequence, but that in the sight of God are as bad as anything else. The Pharisee went up into the temple and he looked about him and he said in his arrogancy, "I thank thee, O God, that I am not as other men—like this publican here, a miserable sinner." He was guilty of muffled transgressions, noiseless sins, but he did not know it. He prided himself on his morality, but the poor publican cried out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"; and Jesus declared that the one went down to his house justified, and the other went away condemned. O, let us see things as God sees them. I want you to see that invention in Harper's Weekly; I want you to look at it; I want you to read the description of the awful possibilities of such an invention as that; and then I want you to think of the awful possibilities of these noiseless transgressions that God sees and we do not, that God condemns and society does not.

Parental Training

The great peril to this nation to-day is pampered childhood. It is an old saying that love is blind; and parental affection seems to have no eyes. Love that is not guided by wisdom will destroy just as quickly as it may save. Now, parents seem to think that the sterner features of life will take away the joy of childhood, and hence they want to have their children have a good time. That is the prompting of love—to let them do as they please and have all

the enjoyments of the present and childish satisfactions. Is that wise? No.

We have turned away from what is called the old Puritan training. That was stern, harsh, loveless, but it did make strong character. The old, stern training of the grandfathers did bring out the fiber of the soul. We have revolted from that, and gone to the other extreme. Now our peril is weakness, moral weakness. Weakness of character, soul weakness, self-indulgence—that is the peril of the American nation to-day in the training of childhood.

We believe that the stern Puritan training of the past was wrong, but not wholly wrong—it had in it elements of great strength and safety. But we believe that the reaction has gone to such an extreme that unless it is corrected by wisdom in the training of our youth it will lead to a nerveless nation, lacking in moral power, self-control, strong character.

O, how many there are who, accustomed to the habits of self-indulgence, patronize the soda fountains, but they cannot patronize the class room with good lessons. That is your temptation, to give way to self-indulgence, to feed on candy and sweetmeats, feed on selfish pleasure, present enjoyments, irrespective of duty, the direct product of very weak training at home.

We have seen it in the past in this school. I shall not speak of the present. We have seen it in the past—a lack of moral fiber, a lack of heroism, a lack of self-control, inability to sit down and get a

lesson, love of ease, love of sweetmeats, distaste for wholesome food. Are there any representatives here this morning of that class? God forbid!

In God's dealings with his children—and you are his children in virtue of creation—please note this fact: God's love is healthy; God's love is directed by wisdom! God brings severe discipline upon us. Why? To bring out strong character. God is not indulgent. He does not pamper us. He needs heroes. He craves heroic character, strong men and women, children who can do their duty without whining; and hence he disciplines us in this life, as parents do not discipline their children. God's love is directed by wisdom. Would that parental affection was directed by wisdom! Would that parents would look to the sturdy character of their children more than to mere passing indulgence and joyfulness. "My life has been hard," says the father or mother, "and I want my children to have a good time"; and in leading and directing them according to that desire they wrong them.

Have your parents trained you in that way? They have not been your true friends if they have. True parents will train their children to usefulness, to duty, and to make it a joy and a blessing and a gladness, even though it is hard, even though they sometimes have to deny you and discipline you. They have done it for your good, just as God does. But if your parents have not trained you in that way, you have the misfortune of having lost useful

lessons, and they have not been your true friends. It has been a mistaken love. They meant right, but they have made a great blunder in your training.

Now try and correct it. If you have been trained to a life of self-indulgence, to do as you please, to have a good time irrespective of consequences, to be simply thoughtless and gay and frivolous—if that has been your training, now wake up. School life means something different from that. Let us correct that spirit. Begin now to put yourselves diligently to your work; put yourselves earnestly to the hard tasks of the day. Get some fiber in your soul. Wake up to heroic ideals.

Silent Influences

Eighteen years ago this building was built. The very best of hard wood was put into the stairways. Yesterday I came up the boys' stairway, and I noticed a very remarkable fact. I saw that the hard wood steps are worn, hollowed out, by the tramp, tramp of the students for eighteen years. Now, a step on a stair is a very small thing, and it is a marvel that every step tears out an atom and casts it away. You can notice when you go down the stairway how worn some of those steps are—hard wood worn out by the constant step of boys and girls for eighteen years.

This teaches what great results may come from very trifling causes. And as I came up that stairway yesterday it was impressed upon me, "Here

is a lesson," a life lesson for me, and I want to give it to you. The thoughts of the mind—I cannot see them; the ideas that have been flitting through my soul during these years have made an impression upon my spirit. My character has been molded and fashioned by the thoughts that I have cherished. Those thoughts may have made but little impression at the time, but like the step of the boy on the stair having torn out an atom of the step, so these thoughts have impressed my soul and left their mark on me. We cannot think without being fashioned by our thoughts. Now, that makes life very responsible. If our characters determine our destiny, if our choices come from our thinking, if our souls are shaped by the thoughts of each day, what an impress, what a waste, what power there is in thinking! Young people, your souls are being impressed by the stream of thoughts running through you day after day. And what shall be the result? That depends on the character of the thoughts. If your thoughts are low and selfish, earthly, vile, there will be an impress on your heart that will endure forever. And in the judgment hour it will be seen, and there will be a hollowing out, as it were, of the spirit by the thoughts that are shaping our characters.

We are being fashioned by our associations too. It is not a light thing to associate day after day with a vulgar mind, with a frivolous character, laughing away life recklessly. You may say, "That person does not make any impression on me." Ah!

Neither does the step on the stair make a visible impression on the stairway, but after years have passed you will see the impress; you cannot help it. And the constant association with a vulgar life, with a vulgar soul, with a demoralizing character, will demoralize you. Inevitably it will leave its impress there. Therefore, let us choose the best thoughts, so that the fashioning of our hearts may be like unto the life of the Son of God. Let us choose the best associations while we are young and impressible, so that our hearts shall show the character of our social life here. Beware of the tramp, tramp, tramp of thoughts through your soul. They mar or they make, according to their character, and now, in our youth, every time you come up that stairway and see those hollowed steps, remember the thought of this morning—"I am fashioning myself; what am I making of my soul?"

Dark Days

We are approaching the darkest days of the year. In December the sun is above the horizon for the shortest period of time and below it for the longest. It is a remarkable fact that the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ is the shortest day of the year, the longest period of darkness and the shortest of light. Now, whether this is the true anniversary of the birth of Christ or not, it makes no difference. Tradition says this was the time of his birth. And so I call your attention to the fact that the longest

period of darkness on the earth was the hour when the heavens opened and the glory of the Lord appeared.

And here is a lesson for us. We all love prosperity, sunshine. We delight to be in the possession of the good things of this life. Human nature shrinks from suffering, from darkness and trial. We count that man happy who has continued prosperity. We think he is the favored one of the earth; but is he? Isn't it true that the visions of the other life, the glory of the hereafter, appear to us generally only in the darkest and shortest and most dismal days of life? Isn't that human experience? Prosperity, joy, earthly happiness eclipse the visions of God, while darkness, bereavement, sorrow, death bring those visions to the soul. It was at the midnight hour of the shortest day of the year when the glory of the Lord burst over Bethlehem and the annunciation came from the angels, "Unto you a child is born; peace on earth, good will among men."

So it is in the bitterest hours of life we are the most likely, if we have faith, to discern the heavenly vision. You all covet health and wealth and amusement and joy, but is it best for you? These things may eclipse the glory of the spirit life. Now, please remember, the shortest and the darkest days of the year are those that bring to us the Christ, are those that bring to us the Christmas joys. So it is in human experience. Very often, almost constantly, the saddest hours of life, if we take them aright, are

those that show us the bliss of heaven, the glory of holiness, the visions of the Master, and the richest spiritual joys. So, then, do not consider that all is lost if in life you come across dark hours.

> "I thank thee, Lord, for cloudy weather,
> We soon would tire of blue."

These words were written by one who was a student in this school, and it expresses a great truth. Sorrow, dark days, bereavement, disappointment are often transformed into glorious visions of the spirit world and bring us near to God. So let us not consider that wealth and health and joy and fun are the greatest treasures. Let us remember that richer blessings may come to us through our griefs and tears.

Life's Dark Problems

There is no greater human book than Butler's Analogy. It is a difficult book to study, its style is so perplexing. The great want of our day is to have that book written in plain, simple English, its arguments put forth in such a way that you can grasp them readily. It is a book that disposes of a great many objections against the Christian faith. Thomas Paine grows red in the face when he reads in the Bible that God commanded Moses to exterminate the Canaanites. The reasons are all laid down there in the book—because of the corruptions of that people. If allowed to live they would corrupt his people whom he had sent to bring salva-

tion to the earth. The reasons are clear. Those reasons have been accepted by some. Thomas Paine speaks very devoutly of God. He believed that the only revelation of God is nature. He speaks of the benevolence of God—ideas that he gained without giving due credit to the Christian Scriptures, and yet he seeks to overthrow the Bible as a revelation from God, leaving only one revelation, the book of nature. What would Tom Paine say of the character of Almighty God looking down this morning on the villages about Vesuvius or the smitten city of San Francisco? If God reveals himself in nature, what kind of a God is he to bury thousands of men, women, and children, many of whom are innocent of any personal sin, with a fearful shock of the earthquake or the pouring forth of rivers of molten lava? If you are going to shut yourself up to the revelation of Almighty God in nature, why don't you take the awful aspects of nature and draw your conclusions as to the character of your God? What right has Thomas Paine to speak of God's benevolence as revealed in nature, without taking the evidence of God's malevolence as revealed in nature? Don't you see the rather illogical position of the man? Don't you see how these men reject the Bible because of features in it that God is a God that punisheth iniquity and sin, and in doing so has, according to the laws of heredity, often carried away multitudes who are innocent? Why could not such men see the same great revelations of God in Scrip-

ture as we find in nature itself? The fact is if we shut ourselves up to the revelation of nature, O, how dark and how confused will be our conception of the Deity! But when we come to that masterpiece of revelation, the Son of God himself, we see the heart of God come out, the veil removed, and the true nature of God, a God of justice, a God of compassion and mercy, revealed in Jesus Christ through the cross.

Do not be deceived by these modern objections against the Scriptures. The same objections, as Butler shows in his Analogy, that are brought against the Scriptures can be brought against nature as the revelation of the Infinite. I want you to understand that the loving care of God is given us in the Scripture, but it is not given us in nature. Therein we get a truer conception of God, and therein is the necessity of this revelation through the great Book that God has given to us to show us who he is and why and how he deals with his responsible creatures. In the presence of that awful catastrophe in San Francisco we see that God is master of the earthquake. In the presence of the volcanic eruption of Vesuvius we see that the God of nature is master of all those forces. Why does he permit these calamities? I do not know all the divine reasons for his conduct. Why does he command certain things in the Scriptures? He always says because of the highest good of humanity. So somehow all nature's revelations at last will be re-

vealed as the work of God, who doeth all things well. Let us, therefore, learn to bow reverently before the Almighty, accepting his judgments whatever they are, whatever they are intended to be, as the rulings of an Infinite Father, who means to lead us to himself, if we will only be led in the right way.

Strong Characters

Two weeks ago I spoke to you about buildings in San Francisco that could not be shaken down because of the steel frame within them, drawing from analogy the life lesson that we should have strong characters, that we may resist the temptations and testings of this world.

Some of you may say, "Whence come these characters? Are they the gift of God, are they born in us, or are they the product of our habits and our influences, the methods that we adopt?" That is a very important question. Are these strong characters the result of our own conduct and habits or not?

I once knew a man who had a message sent to him from the only President that this State ever furnished—Franklin Pierce. And the message was this: "If you will help us elect our Congressman in your district, you can name your office." That message came to him from the President. There was a temptation. How many would have been strong enough to resist it? His answer was this: "Go back and tell your master he hasn't offices enough in his

gift to bribe me from my duty as an American citizen." Whence came that strong character?

I will tell you. When he was a boy sixteen years of age he gave his heart to Jesus Christ and became a disciple of his. And then he made up his mind, "If I am to be a true Christian I must know what Christianity means." And he formed the habit of getting up at four o'clock in the morning, though a hard-working farmer's boy, to read—what? Novels? No. The Word of God, John Wesley's sermons. How many of you have ever read John Wesley's sermons—O, there is steel in them, fire and power in them to make strong character. He read John Fletcher's Checks to Antinomianism. How many of you know what those books are? Mark you, he was a boy in his teens—reading such literature as this, studying it, brooding over it, reading the finest of biographies that he could lay his hands upon, reading histories of his country and of the world and of the doings of God among his creatures. That was the pabulum that he fed upon; that was the kind of food that he took into his mind; and it made him strong, like these buildings that stood the earthquake shock. He had steel girders in his soul, strong convictions, a sense of obligation to God and man; and he made up his mind that he would not hang his hat on a peg and be useless in the church of God, but he would enter into its activities and serve his fellow men and his Creator. He did it when a boy. And when the shock came, and the tempta-

tions of life assailed him, he was, like his Master in the wilderness, fortified, girded, riveted by deep convictions of right and duty to stand the shock of temptation.

I do not know whether what I am about to say is true or not. I am convinced there are some in this room who can say yes or no from experience. You know better than I; but what I am about to say is this: I am told that in our colleges and preparatory schools there are men whom we call "coaches" for our ball teams, who teach the young men in their play to take every advantage of the foe, to cheat where it is possible, and to resort to any expedient that will beat the enemy. Now, if that be true, we are harboring in our schools and colleges the servants of the devil, who, instead of producing strong convictions of right and duty, are eating out of the heart of the young under their instruction all these principles of righteousness that lead to successful character. Is it so, or isn't it? Anything to beat the enemy, be it fraud, or be it right; anything to win! Let a young man take that principle into his life and build his character on it, and he will be prepared to be a briber or to be bribed, to adopt the principles of the devil in his conduct, in business, in politics, in society, anywhere. Such teachings are destructive of character, and never ought to be permitted among young people who are growing up to be American citizens, to say nothing of the citizenship of heaven.

O, no, these characters which are riveted and

girded with steel within, with strong convictions of right and duty, are not built that way. They are made by the results of their own reading and thought and conduct. Therefore, may we all resolve that we will make such characters for ourselves, while the line of conduct marked out for us is so apparent, so that we may be strong when temptations assail us like an earthquake shock.

Love Triumphant

One hundred years ago Napoleon was in the height of his glory. The whole world seemed to be at his feet. He was a great military general. He founded his empire on force. And how long did it take for that empire to be overthrown? An empire founded on force does not last long in this world. It comes to an end sooner or later. There is one empire, however, founded not on force, but on the attractive power of a supreme affection. That empire is growing and will endure to the end of time. It is the empire of Christ.

I remember a lecture, when the Civil War broke out, by a man who loved to speculate, in which he said that secession was the inevitable result of the vastness of our nation—that was the substance of his lecture. He went on to say that mountain ranges in this world form the natural boundaries of empires, and that it was impossible that this nation should long endure as one because there were diverse interests on the Pacific coast from the inter-

ests of the Atlantic coast, diverse interests growing out of climatic conditions; and he built up a magnificent speculation on the impossibility of forming a government in this country that would stand very long—therefore secession must be the result, the inevitable political result in American history.

Now, that man did not take into account two things: First, the fact that there are modern inventions that have revolutionized affairs. We are all living in each other's gardens, we are next-door neighbors. The Pacific coast is close to the Atlantic coast because of the vast system of railroads that bind us, because of the telegraph wires, because of the telephones that are making us all neighbors. There is another force, the force of patriotism and brotherhood, the outcome of Christian civilization—this is binding the nations together in vast aggregations without regard to these centrifugal forces that grow out of dissimilarities and climatic conditions. The centripetal forces are the stronger.

Now, the fact is, this nation was never so united as to-day. And it will become more united than ever before if it is patriotic and under the influence of Christian forces and the influence of commercial bonds growing out of railroads and telegraphs and telephones, to which I have alluded. We are becoming one, and all the nations of the earth are thus being bound together by forces that are unseen but that lie in the heart and that make us a unit.

We have sought to exert upon you these powerful

forces that are unseen, that bring us together as a people. We have sought to develop in you patriotic impulses, a patriotic spirit. Now, if the people of the United States can be governed by the love of country, the love of one's kind, the love of humanity, the spirit of brotherhood, there will be no great movements for secession in the future. The forces that are centripetal, that bring us together, that make us one, will be in the ascendant. That is what we want. We want you all to feel that in being educated in this school we are trying to develop in you the spirit of brotherhood, Christian brotherhood, the love of your kind, so that you may be bound together in the bonds of patriotism and in the common affection of a common race. That is our purpose, not simply to educate your heads, but to bring your hearts together with a consciousness of a common responsibility before God and a common interest in each other's fellowship for good. God grant that you may not forget the influences that we have sought to exert upon you!

A Fad

I suppose it happened in this way: A senior, in one of our colleges, conscious of being somewhat light-headed, like an inflated balloon, desired to balance his head, so he parted his hair in the middle and went to college chapel. And I suppose a number of sophomores saw what he had done, and the next day they parted their hair in the middle and

went to college chapel. And then the freshmen caught on and parted their hair in the middle and went to chapel. And I suppose there was a visitor from one of our preparatory schools visiting this college, and he saw the new custom and parted his hair in the middle and went to his school duties. And, having recently come from college, all the rest of the pupils in the preparatory school parted their hair in the middle. And finally we noticed that all our boys, or nearly all, parted their hair in the middle. That is the way it happened. Well, now, I look over this body this morning and I see but one or two who part their hair in the middle. You see it was a passing fad.

What is a fad? A fad is a custom that follows the moon. The moon has its phases. First there will be a little silver streak hanging in the western sky—that is the new moon; and that increases and increases until it comes to the full, shining down in all its glory; then it begins to decrease until the moon is lost among the stars in the blackness of the night. So it is with a fad. It is a very little thing when it begins, but it grows and grows, and then it declines and finally departs—like parting the hair in the middle.

Well, how did it happen? I suppose it happened this way: Some senior was taking a tour in England. And in a London fog he saw a young man coming along with his pantaloons rolled up about four inches above his shoes. And it struck deep

into his soul. And it drove all other ideas out of his mind—he could only think of that; and when he came home and entered college again he rolled up his pantaloons about four inches above his shoes. And the sophomores saw it, and they did the same; and then the freshmen all did it. And then some boy from a preparatory school, happening there as a visitor, saw the new custom, and he thought it was the proper thing, and he introduced it into his school, and finally it came to us, and we see all around boys who roll up their pantaloons about four inches above their shoes. I asked several boys here why that was done, and they could not give me any reason why. They said they did not know. But one boy thought he knew. And he told me that it was to show their beautiful stockings! The other day I saw a boy going along Main Street who had on his beautiful stockings, but there was a big hole in one of them! And here is another fad—but like the phases of the moon it will pass away. It cannot go too soon.

And that is the way we go on in our earthly life. And in a little while all pantaloons will be rolled down to their proper dimensions, and then, boys, what next? What next?

Now, I have not been talking to the girls. What shall I say about the girls? Well, in some cases, the less said the better. And if I do not say anything more I will not get into trouble. So I will stop right here.

The Plan of Life

Suppose you were going to build a house. You call in the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, and you tell them you want them to build you a house. The very first thing they would say to you would be this: "Where is your plan?" "Well, I have no plan." "Then we cannot build you a house. The first thing for you to do is to get an architect to draw a plan, and then we will build you a house." Is not this what they would say?

I spoke to you last Wednesday about the supreme life purpose. It was to build a perfect character. It was so to live as to bring all our powers into activity, and through this activity to construct a perfect character. All other life ends are subordinate to this, or ought to be. But if you are about to build a perfect character you must have a plan. You can no more construct a perfect character without an ideal than you can build a house without a plan.

Now, where shall we get that plan? Some of you may say, "Well, I will take the very best man I can find in the community and I will make him my model." That is a very good thing to do. Always, in forming a plan of life, look out for the very best character that you can find as an example for you; never take a poor one, always get the best. There is no better literature for a young person to read than biographies—the biographies of the great and the good—because these biographies put before us a

splendid plan of life. But you can select the finest characters that you know or ever heard of, among human beings, and you will find weak spots in them. The best man that your community will afford as a plan of life will show some failures.

Twenty years ago this building was built. And the contractor said to me one day, "There is a defect in this plan; I cannot put this roof on this building according to the architect's plan. There are weak points in it; they need to be strengthened." And I said to him, "Correct the architect's plan and put on your roof"; and he did. Now it is just so with us. If we select the very best man that we ever knew and model our life after his, we will find some defective points, some weak spots, in that man's character.

Where, then, shall we get a plan that shall lead to perfection of character? Pilate has told us. He came out that morning, leading the Christ, and he said, "Behold the Man"—*the* Man. God has sent down from heaven to us the plan of a perfect life. God has given us the ideal of all true character. It is to be found in Jesus. You will find no defect in your model. "Which one of you convinceth me of sin?" That is his challenge to the race, and no man has ever yet pointed out the weak spot. Take him, his motives, his dealings with humanity, his spirit, his purposes, his attitude toward God—take him as your ideal, and you cannot fail. Now, subordinate all other life purposes to that one. Whatever your

business is, I care not, if it is legitimate. Earnestly try to make yourself master of your profession, whatever it may be; but build upon that model, Christ Jesus; and when your life comes to an end, though you may be poor, though the world may say you have been a failure, yet, having completed a character fashioned like unto his, there will come a voice out of the infinite saying to you, "Come up higher; well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." That is success; and all else without it is an awful failure.

Political Slavery

I believe you have all attended county or state fairs, and have seen wild animals, meek and submissive, led around with a ring in the nose. I never look upon an Australian ballot and see the circle at the top of the party column without thinking that that is the ring in the nose of the people. The machine politicians will advise you always to mark your ballot in that circle. Vote the solid ticket, no matter what is on the ticket—that is their advice. They are simply masters, putting a ring in your nose, to lead you around like a wild bull. Now, people are more and more coming to see that that ring in the nose means slavery. Yesterday we had an illustration in New Hampshire of the people taking the ring out of the nose and letting the machine politicians "go it" alone. What do you mean by a scratched ballot? We mean this—that the people

propose to do their own thinking, and, intelligently as possible, to mark their ballots beside the names of individuals and let that ring alone. I thank God that I never yet voted a ballot with a mark in that ring. I never put a mark there. It is a mark of my slavery. I mark the name of every man I want to vote for, after studying the man himself beforehand with the best light I can get. I hope you will do that when you vote. I hope the American people will learn that lesson—to study the character of the men on the ballot, rather than simply the party column. The great feature about the election yesterday was that that ring at the head of the party column was let severely alone, in a great measure. That is the mark of popular slavery to partyism. It is a mark of an unintelligent elector. It is a mark of the fact that the people who vote vote as slaves. It is not often that that party column does not contain names of men that ought to be scratched out. Yesterday the people did the scratching, and to-day we feel that we breathe the oxygen of a freer and a better atmosphere.

When you go to the ballot box and see the Australian ballot with that circle at the top, just say, "There is the ring for my nose, and you cannot lead me. I am a free man. I vote according to my convictions of right and duty." If the American people will do that we can save our nation from terrible calamities politically. That is the great lesson to learn from yesterday's voting.

God grant that you and I may be true American citizens, rejoicing in our freedom from partyism, and yet not despising parties. For parties are necessary. I am talking about that blind slavery to partyism, that prejudice toward a name, that is becoming the peril of the American people. Let us hold our individuality in our own hands and allow no man to put a political ring in our noses.

Prophecies

No man living on the face of the earth, by his unaided faculties, can foretell what will be the condition of New York city a thousand years hence. Nobody can rationally deny that statement. There is not a man living on the face of the earth who, by his own unaided powers, can foretell who will be President of the United States one hundred years hence, what State he will come from, or what will be the conditions of his administration. We are limited in our knowledge of the future. And yet, more than twenty-five hundred years ago, there was described the condition of a city to-day that was then in a more flourishing condition than New York city. Six hundred and sixty years before the decadence of Babylon her present condition was accurately delineated. She was then in a prosperous condition—mistress of the world. Her streets were thronged with busy men and women. They were flanked with palaces surpassing anything in New York city. There were works of art, of human

ingenuity and architectural skill that are scarcely rivaled to-day. Everything seemed to be prosperous. Everything looked toward an eternal future of human glory on the earth. And at that time her condition to-day was clearly depicted. It was said: "Babylon shall be heaps; Babylon shall be occupied by owls; Babylon shall be the home of jackals; no man shall dwell there; no man shall dwell there forever; her fields shall not be cultivated; the sea shall come up over her ruins." Let travelers go to Babylon to-day and they will see that that city is but a vast assemblage of heaps and mounds; they will see the waters twice every year overflowing those mounds and the surrounding country. There is a stillness there that is the stillness of death—desolation is in all her borders. Owls fly out of every cavern; bats there by the million; jackals running around among those mounds; no man will stop there overnight. The ruins are of such a character that the fields can never be cultivated—it is a desolation, and a desolation forever.

More than twenty-five hundred years ago there was depicted the life of a Man. It was told of what nation he should come. It was said that he should belong to a certain tribe and a certain family. It was pointed out where he should be born, and when. It was stated what kind of a life he should live, what would be the characteristics of his earthly pilgrimage. It was also told that he should build a kingdom at a certain time in human history; that

there should be a stone cut out of the mountain, and without hands, that should smite all the kingdoms of the earth and bring them into subjection to himself. It was stated the characteristics of that kingdom—unlike any earthly kingdom. It was also told that that kingdom should endure forever, a kingdom not to be overthrown. And to-day we have the record of that Man's life, his teachings, the peculiar circumstances of his life and his death—all foretold, brought out, depicted just as we find it in human history; and to-day all about us we see the kingdom of Jesus Christ bringing all other kingdoms in subjection to himself.

Who gave those prophecies? How will you account for them? Could man do it? Is man adequate to it? Where did these distinctive prophecies, so particular, so clear in their statements, that we see to-day fulfilled in human history before our own eyes—where did these prophecies come from? Please note this fact: they are only to be found in one Book, that we call the Holy Bible. I challenge the world to show another book in all history that has a prophecy in it like these. Confucius taught the Chinese people many noble sentiments, but he never uttered a prophecy like these. The Vedas of India, the great books of Buddha, express many beautiful sentiments, the expressions of a rare genius; many poetic and beautiful thoughts are to be found there, but not a single prophecy. There is not a sacred book on the face of the earth that has a prophecy

in it to be compared with those found in the Holy Word. These may be man-made; they may be the expressions of human genius; but there is one Book that surpasses them all in that it foretells human history. Who was adequate to such a task? Could man have written these things? Now we hear a great deal said in these days about Jewish literature. A good deal is said about the literature of the Bible —there is much literature in it; but if you mean by Jewish literature that the highest genius of the Jewish nation was capable of foreseeing thousands of years ahead the destiny of cities and the destiny of the great King of kings, we demur. These prophecies lift this one Book above all literature; it takes this Book out of the catalogue of ordinary human genius. We may revere the writings of Shakespeare, and they are the works of a genius; but Shakespeare was incapable of prophecy like these. O, no. There is only one answer. Infidelity may deny that God has anything to do with that Book; but infidelity must be silent in the presence of prophecy. God is in that Book. God aided the human mind to foretell the history of Babylon; God foretold to us, out of the fullness of his omnipotence and omniscient power, the history of Jesus Christ before he came among us; and these prophecies will endure the test of history, for his kingdom is marching on, and the stone cut out of the mountain side that smote the kingdoms that were made of clay and of iron will endure forever.

Seeking Truth

As I came from Boston yesterday and we were flying along I looked out over the snowclad landscape, and my attention was arrested by a fact. I had not given especial attention to it before, namely, that underneath the trees there was a bare space. I noticed that as a peculiarity of some large trees the ground was entirely free from snow, while the space all around was covered. And I began to ask myself, "Is this a universal fact, is this true of all trees?" And as I continued to examine I found it was. The space was not as large under some trees as others, but under all the trees there was a small space around the trunk entirely free from snow. And I said to myself, "This universal fact has a cause. What is it?" And then I propounded a theory to explain it. The theory was this: Can it be true that there is heat in the roots of a tree, that the vital force of the tree melts the snow around the trunk? And then my attention was arrested by the fact that the same thing was true about posts, and I noticed the posts and telegraph poles had a little space free from snow around the bottom, and I said to myself, "That cannot be the solution of this universal fact, because there is no vital force in a post, there is no heat there." And my theory went to pieces. And then I originated another. I noticed that the snow had been very damp, and as I left Tilton I noticed the trees were loaded with snow. And I said to myself, "Now the cause of these bare

spaces under the trees is doubtless due to the fact that the branches have acted as a blanket and have caught the snow that would have fallen around the trunk, and left these bare spots. I wonder if that will explain this fact." And then I looked at the posts again, and I said, "Yes, the tops of the posts have acted precisely as the branches of the trees and have arrested the snow that would have fallen immediately about the bottom, and that will account for it." And I said, "I have found the true cause. I guess that will stand scientific investigation."

Now, that is the way science advances, and all human knowledge. Our attention is arrested by certain facts. Then we ask ourselves, "Are these facts universal under similar circumstances?" If we find them so, then we begin a process of inductive reasoning. First we formulate a theory. Now, our theories are man-made and our explanations are all human. God makes the facts; we explain them; and we are liable to fall into great errors in the explanation of the facts that are undoubtedly real. And in order that our philosophy may be true, in order that our knowledge may be tested and proved, the theories that we advance to account for the facts that we observe must hold true in all cases, or else the theory is false.

I want to make an application of this to a great many human theories that are now advanced to explain the Old Testament, or the Word of God. There is such a thing known as higher criticism. Some of

these theories may be true—partly true, but not wholly. But when you come to explain that Book, mark you, the explanations in all cases are human. The facts connected with the Book are divine; and the theories that we propound to explain the origin of the Book itself must meet all other conditions found in the Book, or we must suspect the theories of being false. Now, when you bring forward a great many of the rationalistic theories of the present day to account for that Old Testament, you find they fail utterly. They cannot be true because they do not explain the facts.

Do not accept human theories and human explanations too quickly. The path of progress and of the world is strewn with theories, scientific theories that had almost universal acceptance; but after a time it was found by thinkers that they would not meet the conditions, and they have been set aside as false. So, many of the theories brought forth to explain that old Book, not satisfying a truly rational intellect, must be declared to be untrue because they do not meet the facts.

I bring this simple illustration in my own experience yesterday to guard your thinking. I beg of you not to accept man-made explanations of great divine realities too quickly. Search them. See if they meet the conditions. If they do universally, then make them your own. But if they do not, cast them aside—they are unsatisfactory and erroneous.

Gyroscope

It is a law of physical nature that when matter is set in motion it has a tendency to continue in that same plane. It takes a very strong force to turn it out of the line of its action. We are all familiar with this law in the movements of a top. When you set a top to rotating horizontally it will stand on a little point like a needle and rotate. It will stand upright until its rotation almost ceases, and then it will fall over. This is the principle of the gyroscope. A gyroscope is a little wheel. When set in motion in a particular plane it is almost impossible to move it out of that plane. Doubtless you have studied physics enough to see that illustrated.

Now, that law of nature is being made use of by inventors. It is said that a wheel rapidly moving in the body of a steamship will keep the steamship from rolling, hold it steady. That little wheel rotating very rapidly has a tendency to resist any motion out of the plane of its action. The same principle is being applied to a railroad train, and trains are now run upon a single track, being balanced by a rotating wheel. And it is said when two wheels are used, one rotating one way and the other another, the diverse action will enable them to run a curve without the train's falling over on its side, and a train can be stopped on a single rail at a depot and stand there and will not fall over, being balanced by the rotating wheels. That shows the persistency of a force acting in a particular plane.

Is that law true in the spirit world? It is. And that law makes life something terrible. When you are young and begin acting in your spirit life in a particular way, making special choices, developing special affections and special lines of thought, the tendency of your soul is to continue in that way forever. If you begin rotating in the slum plane, the tendency is to keep you in the slums forever. If you begin rotating in obedience to the will of God, with all your affections centered upon him, the tendency of your heart life is to keep on rotating and going in that particular plane forever. That is what we mean by the final persistency of character. It is simply acting in a certain manner, and when you get in the habit of acting in that manner you cannot change your action. Some outward, almost irresistible force has got to take hold of you if you change at all.

Now, every one of you, under that law, is deciding your destiny. As you act now, so will you act forever, in all probability. The boy is the maker of the man. If you are obedient to your nature, if you begin to act with all your powers rotating in the plane of obedience to God in your youth, in all probability you will be just such a man when you come to mature life, and in all probability that action will continue throughout eternity. Don't you see that, under the law of habit, you are now deciding your destiny? You take the gyroscope and try to turn it out of its plane of action, and you

will find it is almost impossible, when it is rotating rapidly. It takes a powerful force to change the plane of its rotation. Just so it is with our spirit life. O, how necessary that you begin life right! How necessary that now your choices and your affections all come into the right plane of living! Mark you, this tendency to rotate increases, the velocity is continually increasing, and as you are developing your moral character now, so ten years hence you will be acting all the more irresistibly in that same plane of obedience to your higher nature. When I think of this law as I have seen it in all my life history in the development of character I begin to feel the solemnity and the seriousness of life.

Is there no hope, then, when you have been acting in the plane of lawlessness? Yes, there is hope while God can help. If you ask him to change your plane of action from the wrong to the right he, and he alone, has power to do it. If you have been bad in your life you will stay bad forever, unless you get God to help make you right. That is the law of your soul life. See to it, now in the morning of your life, that you are living just as you want to live when you pass away.

Gravitation

I have in my home a living well, very deep. The water is raised by a force pump. Sometimes during extreme drought the water becomes low—it

requires quite an effort to raise it. Right by the nozzle there is a spigot connected with the town system. If I want water from the town system, all I have to do is to turn that spigot, with no effort required. Why? Because of the difference in gravitation. In the one case the downward force of gravitation compels me to force the water with considerable effort. In the other case, the pressure of gravitation pours the water out of the spigot without any effort on my part.

Now, here is a living illustration of the difference between the attitude of some souls toward our consciences. Sometimes we find it very hard to do right. Conscience says to us, "You ought." And we reply, "It is hard work to obey conscience." Why? Because the affections pull downward, toward self, toward the world, away from God. All the gravitation of our souls is selfish, turning us away from our duty; and we find it hard for the will to choose to do right.

But there is another condition of soul life where it is easy to do right, even unto death. There may come down out of the infinite skies such a pressure of affection, such a bond of love that his will will be always sweet, even though it demands the sacrifice of self. I hear the apostle in the seventh chapter of Romans giving his experience, and he says, "My mind approves of the law of God. My judgment says his will is right. I ought to obey my conscience, but I find it hard. I cannot do it." And

then he cries out, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from" this downward pull of the world and self? And then he ends the chapter, "I thank God through Jesus Christ." It can be done through his grace. And then he speaks of becoming a new creature by the development of the affections to what is good and right. And then he says, "Now I have found the true key, the pressure of love in my heart makes it easy to do what is right—my duty is not irksome. I can die for the Master with a smile." Ah, what is the difference? The difference is in the affections of the soul. The soul pulls one way, the judgment and the conscience calling unto duty; but the heart, the selfish heart, is against duty, and you find it hard to do it. What an awful life it is to live a life of duty when our affections all move the other way—the gravity of the soul being downward, while the call of the soul is upward. Now, then, when the gravity of the soul is from above, when there is begotten within us the love of God, the love of righteousness, the love of truth, the love of duty, how easy it is to do it! And that is the way to live.

What do we mean by conversion? We mean just that—nothing more, nothing less. What did Christ mean by the new birth, when he talked with Nicodemus? A birth from above he called it. Why? It was just that—having the heart filled with the love of God and the love of duty. When we have that experience, then life becomes sweet

and duty a pleasure; without it, it is irksome and hard. When I draw the water by a supreme effort of my will through the force pump, I think of duty in a soul that does not love it; and when I turn the spigot and draw the water by the pressure of gravitation from yon hill, I think of a soul in harmony with its God.

The best thing that I can ask for you young people at the close of this term is this—that you find your soul so filled with the love of right and the love of duty and the love of the teachings of your own conscience that you will find it easy always to be good.

Innocence and Guilt

Our Bible lesson yesterday opened with these words: "Men and brethren, I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day." The high priest commanded those who stood by to smite Paul on the mouth, because he thought that he lied. Who was right, Paul or Ananias? Had Paul lived before God in all good conscience until this day? Hadn't he been the persecutor of Christians? Had he not haled men into prison and women into jail because they were followers of Christ? How could he, then, say truthfully, "I have lived in all good conscience"? Was he correct? Yes. Paul tells us himself that as a persecutor he thought he was doing right. He tells us that he erred, but he erred in unbelief. Can a man, then, be wrong and be conscientious? Yes. Is the conscience, then,

an unsafe guide of itself? Yes. Can a man be honest and conscientious, and yet not be right? Yes. Ought we, then, to obey our conscience? Yes. How are we going to harmonize these apparent contradictions?

I answer: You may have a watch in your pocket, and the watch will not give the true time. The watch may not run just right, and yet ordinarily it is a very good watch. In order that you may know what the true time is, you must compare the watch with a standard; and that standard involves quite an astronomical problem. That standard of time must come from the heavens—we work it out through sundials on particular meridians; and every day our government telegraphs to certain places, and a ball is dropped to indicate twelve o'clock meridian. You can stand in the streets of Boston and see men adjusting their watches to that standard of time. That is the absolute standard. It comes from the sun and never errs.

Now, if your watches have to be corrected by a standard, so our consciences have to be corrected by a standard. Hence you see the necessity of having the right revealed to us.

There is a philosophy that the right comes out of the human soul, and the soul itself adjudges what is right. That philosophy is an enormous error. The soul has no standard in itself by which to discern what is absolutely right. The soul has its judgments corrected by a standard outside of itself.

Hence the modern philosophy that we have an inner standard and that the standard is our Christian consciousness is an error and a most dangerous fraud on honest people. The Christian conscience can be no correct standard unless conscience be corrected by a standard outside of itself.

How am I to know, then, when I am right? We have been talking about right. We have been talking about the faculty in our souls that discerns the right, the conscience, and that impels us to obey what we adjudge to be the right. I answer, that standard of right must be given us. Whence comes it? How shall we secure it? That is the question. Now, a man may be conscientious, but that does not signify that he is innocent if he does what is wrong. A man may do what is wrong, and if he had no standard by which he could correct his erroneous judgments he would be innocent before God. So the apostle Paul, when he said, "I thought I was doing my duty when I was persecuting the Christians," if he had no possibility of getting access to that standard that would have corrected his judgments, would have been innocent. He did it in unbelief. But if he had had the privilege of getting at that standard of right and duty, and did not do it, then he could not claim to be innocent when he was doing wrong. No person is innocent who does not apply his conscience to the standard to have it corrected. He may be honest in his error; but if he could have discovered the right, and would not

do it, he is guilty. If he could not discover the right, and was honest in the wrong, he is innocent. May there not be heathen who have done their best to find out what duty was, and failed, whom we would condemn as being sinners, who are not sinners in the sight of God? May there not be honest people sitting before me this morning who might have known their duty, who have not tried to find out what their duty was, and who are guilty before God? Verily so.

Now, you see how important it is that you and I should be serious and thoughtful in applying these tests to our judgments of what is right and wrong. As the man with the watch pauses in the street and observes that ball drop to see if his watch corresponds with it, so you and I should treat our consciences in the same way. If there be a standard of right, you and I should find it out if we can, and correct our judgments by what it tells us. Thus alone can you and I be innocent before God.

Life Choices

In 1852 a gentleman came from his home fourteen miles away to visit my father. During his visit he revealed to him the fact that he had been down in Virginia and had seen wonderful opportunities to make fortunes. He said land was very cheap—great plantations could be bought for a song—and there was a great opportunity for a Northern man to make money. He wanted my

father to sell his farm and go with him and buy land in Virginia. My father said to him, "I advise you not to go. Certainly I will not, for if there is a just God in heaven he will have a controversy with that people some day over human slavery, and I do not want my family to be there mixed up in it." The gentleman laughed at him, sold his property, and went to Virginia and bought a great plantation, and wrote back what a great success he was making of the change, and how foolish my father had been. A few years passed away. The great thunderstorm burst over the land—civil war came. In the winter of 1865, Rev. Dr. H., a Presbyterian clergyman, who lived in the town where this man moved from, went down to work in the Christian Commission in Grant's lines, then before Petersburg. One day he and a companion, wandering through the lines, saw a farmhouse, and desiring a drink of water they called at the door. The lady who opened the door was this man's wife, and she knew Dr. H. instantly, and he knew her. They were perfectly astonished to meet under those circumstances. She invited them in, and told her story: "We lived here happily and prosperously until the war came on, and then my husband was arrested because, being a Northern man, he was suspected of Northern sympathies, was thrown in prison, and starved to death. Our three boys were impressed in the rebel army, and all have been killed in battle, and my daughter and myself are

here without means, without property, and are supported by rations from Grant's commissary stores—that is the situation; and our plantation is ruined, being dug up by the soldiers to make trenches." What a judgment! What a fearful result of that change in a choice of location for life!

I am led to make these remarks by the fact that next Sunday your Sunday school lesson will be on Lot's choice of a home—almost exactly parallel to this story that I have given you. When Abram gave Lot his choice he looked down in the valley of the Jordan and saw that rich valley like the garden of Eden. He saw Sodom, but he did not see Sodom's wickedness, he did not see the impending judgments of God, and he cast in his lot with the wicked. For what? To make money—precisely as this man did; to get a fortune, not realizing the judgments of heaven on the wickedness of mankind. He took his family right down into a moral pesthouse because it would pay in gold. That was his choice. And you know the result.

I spoke to you last Wednesday on choice in life—the fearful responsibility of making choices. I spoke to you of the choice of companions. I want to speak to you this morning of a choice on a broader line than this—the choice of our lifework and where it shall be.

Where shall I locate myself in life? Now, most of us are shortsighted enough to choose our life

occupation because it offers to us gold and earthly advantages, ignoring moral considerations. If we can make a fortune we will plunge into a moral pesthouse, and possibly ruin ourselves and ruin our homes. Ought we not, in making a choice of location in life, to have some regard to our surroundings? When you come to locate in California or Montana or Massachusetts, or somewhere else, ought you not to look at the moral characteristics of your associations? I want to know if spiritual results do not count. Why should we choose alone because of earthly considerations? How many persons there are who congratulate themselves that their children have married into rich families, not seeing that those marriages involve associations that may lead to spiritual ruin. Ought we not to ask ourselves the question, "What is the atmosphere of that home? What are the motives that rule in that household? What am I going to be associated with in life?" When you choose a college, ought you not to ask yourself this question—not simply, "Where can I find a college whose ball team beats everybody else?" Ah, I am touching a tender spot! How many boys there are who go to college simply because of a football team, not asking themselves the question, "Can I get there the best preparation for a noble life? Can I get there a splendid education? Can I get there spiritual associations that will help to make me a man of honor, of integrity, of wide and hallowed influences?" But I go where

I have the best sport. What do you think of Lot's choice?

Lot was blind to the moral considerations of his choice, and so is many a boy who thrusts himself into the midst of moral pollution that it would be well for him if he kept out of. Now, young people, when you choose in life a location, choose companions for life, when you choose colleges in which to be educated—when you choose, choose not wholly from human and earthly considerations; but choose in harmony with the highest good of your nature, and ask yourself the question, "Will the influences that are exerted upon me in those associations and surroundings minister to my character, broaden my manhood, fit me for what God intended I should be in this world?" O, make your life choices broad and noble and pure; especially seek on bended knees God's guidance to pilot you in the great decisions of life.

Socialism

A short time since I was talking with a socialist who was exceedingly angry at the inequalities in our modern life. Evidently he was a very sincere, honest man, who has been reading socialistic literature and was imbued with their ideas. One thing he announced as true socialism was this—every man ought to have the same wages. Said I, "Do you mean to say that a man who digs ditches should have as much pay as the President of the United States?" He said, "Yes." You can see the principle that he

announced in that answer, that without regard to any previous circumstances or conditions or demands on the individual every man should have the same pay. Now, suppose you and I were to adopt that theory, and society accept it and act upon it. What would be the result? The man who performs simple labor that requires no previous preparation would get the same return as the man who spent years in educating his powers and faculties for the higher offices of toil. Some of you are spending hundreds of dollars every year to get an education. You are mortgaging your future by borrowing money to get ready for what? For the more difficult, the more trying offices of life. If when you have spent all this money you were paid no more than a boy who never spent a penny or put forth a single exertion to learn his A B C's, what becomes of the motive to get an education? The great forces that rule in human nature would be eliminated at once. All ambitions for self-culture would be destroyed. No matter how hard you toiled or how much it cost you to get ready for positions of responsibility requiring previous training, you are to get no more for it, no return whatever—in this world, I mean—for all the exertions you put forth —what do you think of such a system as that? And yet this is socialism, in many of its phases. Of course, there are different kinds of socialism, but that is the socialism that this man had adopted honestly and sincerely.

Now, God has implanted within us certain powers and spiritual qualities that are aroused and stimulated by expectation and hope of future return in this world. Socialism would fly in the face of Providence and destroy all these ambitions. What would be the effect on society? What would be the effect on you? How absurd that man's position that he entertained so honestly!

We must face these great socialistic problems, and I want you to see that that is not the way out of it. I want you to see in your youth and while you are getting your education that such principles as these, principles that are held honestly by many men, are exceedingly absurd, and in practice would be ruinous to Christian civilization.

Now, we have very great sympathies for the unfortunate, for those who do not succeed in this world—and there always will be such. How are we to modify their sad condition? Not by adopting such principles as these; not by arresting the forces that Providence has put in human nature and destroying them, but by regulating them. It will always be true that some people will be poor. Circumstances require this, make it necessary. Some people are not endowed with the ability to get along in this world with others. There always will be inequalities in this world in social conditions. But our Christianity says to us, "Do not get angry over these inequalities in the world; let those who are prosperous and strong bear the burdens of the

weak and help them to the necessities of life, but do not give too much attention to the things of this world." This is only a short space in human life—human life is to run on forever and ever. Give more attention to the future and less to the present —relatively, I mean. Take thought for the beyond, and do not engross yourself with the things of this world and become angry over its injustices or its inequalities. It is true that the man who has a hard lot in this life may have the riches, the infinite riches, of the other, if he is wise enough to foresee the conditions and to meet the demands of that other life. Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate. He was too weak and sick to care for himself, but he lived for the hereafter. The rich man, for this world alone—he was prosperous, he had all the good of this world, but cared nothing for the hereafter. This is the teaching of the Master. But in the hereafter one had a palace, and the other—what? Young people, if our lot in this world is to be hard and trying, let us not become envious of those who are more prosperous than we. Let us remember that we can all have an eternal inheritance if we will meet the conditions on which those inheritances are given. Let us, trusting in our heavenly Father, do our best in this world, and have our souls at peace with each other and with God. And the other life will compensate for all the losses of this.

And yet, while this is true, let us remember that

if we are prosperous in this world it shall be our duty to help those who are honestly poor, and who, through inability to provide for themselves, are suffering for the necessities of life. Let us count it a great joy to share our prosperity with those who do not attain to it; and thus we shall grow in brotherhood and in love and they in gratitude and in the spirit of true manhood. No, no! Let all men be paid the same wages, the same price, and it would be ruinous to two thirds of the laborers. For they would spend it in riotous living and in self-ruin. This way is not the way out of our inequalities and injustices in this world. Let us, therefore, not adopt socialistic principles too readily, lest we bring ruin from another quarter.

Politeness

All things in this world change, none more rapidly than words and their meaning. There was a time when morals and manners meant the same thing, but it is not so to-day.

By morality we mean conformity to an absolute standard of right. By conformity to that standard we mean a conformity of the affections, the purposes, the motives, as well as the outward conduct. That absolute standard is fixed for us by Almighty God. Therefore, the meaning of morals is this—conformity to the will of God as expressed in that standard of right.

The word "manners" means conformity to a

standard of taste made by man, the general consensus of polite society, and that conformity does not mean conformity of the affections and purposes and motives, but only of outward and visible acts.

Now, here are two distinct definitions, and they are very wide apart. The definition of manners leads to the very superficial view of life to that that we can see. The definition of morals goes deeper—it takes in the inner life and motives, the feelings and intents, and God alone knows these inner feelings. It is the duty of every school, of every faculty in every school, to give attention to the morals of the youth under their care. It is equally the duty of every school and every faculty to give attention to the manners of the youth under their charge. And yet these two great departments of influence are relatively very different. The department of morals, moral integrity, morality, is fundamental and essential to all good citizenship. There can be no good citizenship without morality. There may be good citizenship without good manners. There can be no good citizenship without good morality. That goes to the very basis of character and the very organizations of social life.

Now, manners are more superficial than morals, and less important. Manners are important, but not as important as morals. Therefore the emphasis should be laid upon morals. There is many a noble moral man who lacks in good manners, and

he fulfills his office in life very well, though he is incomplete. And there is many a man who is very perfect in his manners who is very imperfect in his morals. The two can be separated in practice. The more important is morality, and yet it is very important that manners should be regarded as tending to complete human life and character. Abraham Lincoln was a man recognized by the world as possessing a great, noble nature, moral manhood; and yet Abraham Lincoln was not a man noted for conventional manners. If you will read in McClure's Magazine for March some of the statements of Mr. Schurz you will see what I mean. He tells us that about a month after the first inauguration of Mr. Lincoln he waited upon him, taking a friend from Germany who was accustomed to court manners, who wished to be introduced to Mr. Lincoln. And Mr. Lincoln invited them to dine with him; and he said such was the freedom and roistering way of Mr. Lincoln that his friend was utterly astounded that a man holding the position of the President of the United States should be so easy and careless in the conventionalities of life. He could not understand it. And yet, though lacking in conventional manners—what you would call fine conduct—Mr. Lincoln stands out as one of the noblest characters in the history of the human race, recognized in all times as one of God's great noblemen. Now, this is an illustration that splendid morals are essential to good citizenship, and splen-

did manners may be wanting in good citizenship; but while all this is true, we should all seek the completion of human life and character by possessing, as far as possible, the highest culture in manners. I want to put this morning before you the essentials of genuine manhood and womanhood, and I want at the same time to impress upon you the importance of that which is not *essential* to great manhood always, but which is highly important. Had Mr. Lincoln possessed the cultivated manners of the present President of the United States, who came from the aristocracy of American society in his birthright, it would have been greatly to his advantage as President; it would have saved him from many criticisms. Nevertheless, history shows that a lack of these polite refinements has not taken him from the pedestal of fame on which he has been placed by acts of his life and by the honors that have been given him.

While we want distinctly to recognize that many a noble man lacks noble manners, yet we want to emphasize the fact that noble manners are not to be despised, but to be cultivated and sought with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth.

Reverence

This afternoon in the city of Canton, Ohio, is the funeral of Mrs. McKinley, a woman who has touched the heart of the nation because she had a heart, and her husband had also. They have become

the representatives of a Christian home in America, recognized as such, having always had a family altar, even in the White House—a woman of marked qualities, noble characteristics, and a woman who touched the sympathy of the nation by her life-long invalidism. She has passed away. All business will cease in that city this afternoon, as a mark of respect for the departed. Isn't that fitting? Isn't it proper that the Sabbath calm should fall on that city during the hours when the last respects are paid to the departed? What would you think, under the circumstances, if to-morrow you might read the telegram that the baseball clubs of that city went out and played ball during that funeral? Would you think it fitting? Wouldn't it shock you? Wouldn't you say, "That is too bad"? Now, there would be nothing wicked in the act itself—that is innocent enough—but it is unfitting in view of the hour.

To-morrow this nation pauses to drop flowers on the graves of its dead soldiers, who gave their lives for the boys and girls in this school and in all other schools. O, you know little of the agonies of that army in the field, its homesickness, its sufferings, its privations, its cruelty, its groans, its fatigue, its dying murmurs alone on the battlefield. Would it be fitting for the boys of this nation to go out and play ball in the midst of such scenes, and surrounded by such situations? Where would be the respect shown for the dead? Ought it not to shock

us to the very heart that any American boy is so lost to a sense of honor, gratitude, and duty as to be willing to engage in sports under those solemn circumstances? You will not do that. You are too well bred, I hope. But there will be many boys in this nation who will do it, and they deserve your condemnation, and the condemnation of the nation itself. Respect for Memorial Day ought to bring the quiet, the calm, of the holy Sabbath, as we reflect upon the past, upon the perils and sufferings of the departed, who died to save us from disunion. Isn't that so? Shall we not take it to heart? Do you know, young people, that one of the greatest perils of this nation to-day is the love of excitement? Isn't that getting the mastery of us? Are we not, to a certain extent, wretched unless we are excited and shouting in the midst of excitements? Have we that national self-control that will lead to a love of calmness, deliberation, and thoughtfulness? Are we not wretched when we think, and happy apparently only when we are excited? Now, if this nation cannot get control of itself so as to love and respect, under proper circumstances, that day set apart to calmness, to deliberation, to thoughtfulness, to meditation, the nation is lost already, lost in its self-control. Do you know that this love of sport is to-day the peril of American Christianity, American institutions? Why, the holy Sabbath itself is being asked for to-day in Legislatures for ball games! A majority of the committee of the

Legislature of Massachusetts reported a bill to that Legislature making legal sports on Sunday. It is all a part of the same thing—the love of excitement getting the mastery of the people, duty giving way to it, and all the barriers thrown down simply because we must have sport or be wretched. Now, I believe in sport at the proper time, under the proper conditions. We must have it—human nature demands it, God intended it; but it must not master us; it must give way before the duties of reverence and Godly fear, and duties to each other. The holy Sabbath day must be preserved, not as a day of clamor, O, no, but a day of holy calm, a day of meditation, a day of thoughtfulness, a day when humankind, under the best of conditions, will consider its duties to itself, to its country, and to its God. That is the meaning of the Sabbath day. It was made for that, made for man, for his highest good. Now, then, we want to so control this whole matter of sport and play that when a day comes like Memorial Day we will all be quiet in the presence of the facts of the past, and bow our heads in reverence for the memory of those who gave their lives for us. And when it comes to the holy Sabbath, we want to set aside everything like excitement and sport, and very thoughtfully, reverently, and gladly and joyfully remember what our God has done for us. If we do that, if this nation does that and masters its love of excitement, there will be no danger from sports; but when sports will not

be satisfied until they sweep away all barriers, this nation is already gone, its manhood has been sunken into wickedness, and it will be incapable of controlling itself. Let us, therefore, you and I, thoughtfully, reverently, and appropriately observe Memorial Day.

Self-Respect

There is no better safeguard against life's temptations than a genuine, rational self-respect. If each one of you can say to yourself, truly, "O, how can I be guilty of this mean thing, it is not worthy of me?"—if you can truly say that, you are well fortified against temptation.

Now, this is different from pride. Pride originates from some real or fancied possession of ours. We have some intellectual grace, or strength, or brilliancy—we know it too well; or we have some personal feature of beauty or charm—and we delight in it. That is the basis of pride.

But self-respect originates from other ideas. Self-respect is based upon this. I belong to a high and noble race. I am not an animal. I am created in the image of God. And God loved me, loved me so much that he sent his only begotten Son to die for me, that I might have everlasting life. Now, that being the case, how can I do this mean thing? That is the basis of true self-respect. And, O! we all ought to have it, cherish it, strengthen it, by thinking upon its value, by remembering who we are.

Last Monday I saw a man come into the cars with a manacle on his wrist and a little chain attached to that manacle, held by an officer. I looked in his face as he passed along, and I saw that all self-respect was gone. By an act of criminality or a long course of vice he had sunken down into the criminal classes, and he seemed to be devoid of a sense of shame. There was a smile, a smirk, "I don't care," on that lost man's countenance.

It is an awful thing when a young person says, "I don't care what people think of me." Ah, you ought to care. And yet, we ought not to be governed supremely by public opinion alone. Self-respect should be based on this thought, "I do care what God thinks of me." The man who has that as the supreme support of his life will be strong in the midst of temptation and will be secure when hours of great embarrassment and trial come to him.

Now, there is one advantage in good, costly clothing. A man who is well clothed, unless he has lost his reason through strong drink and has become an outcast, will not willingly lie down in the mud. How can he soil his costly garments with the filth of the street? You see there is a self-respect that comes from being well clothed that keeps us from the environment of the mud.

It is just so with character. If we are clothed with the beautiful garments of holiness, if we have the Christian virtues in our hearts, just as good

clothing keeps us away from the mud of the street, so these Christian virtues will protect us, through self-respect, from mingling in the mire of any course of iniquity. How can we get down in that mire of vice and folly and sin and soil the garments of our souls? O, you and I want this feeling of self-respect, born of a rational conviction that our souls are exceedingly precious; and when we have that self-respect we will say to ourselves, "I cannot do a thing that is mean, it is unworthy of me, I will be true, I will do right, I will stand upright in the presence of God and men, I will be what I ought to be."

Young people, cultivate that feeling—self-respect; you are the children of God in virtue of creation. You have all been redeemed by the agonies of Calvary. You are worth an infinite price, every one of you. How can you do wrong? How can you sin in the presence of these great revealed truths of our God?

Let us, then, be true to ourselves in school life. Let us resolve, "I will be a man, pure and true"; "I will be a woman, beautiful in the sight of angels." Such feelings as these, such a conviction as that, is a wonderful safeguard in the hour of testing.

Spiritual Force

Most of you, doubtless, have studied more or less physics. You are acquainted with the forces that act in nature. You know those forces are two-

fold—attractive and repulsive. The forces of cohesion and adhesion are attractive forces; the force of gravitation is also an attractive force. The tendency of the attractive forces is to bring all atoms together and consolidate them in a mass. If there were no other force, all the material of the universe would eventually gravitate to a common center and form a common ball. But the repulsive forces have a tendency to drive the atoms of matter apart. When these repulsive forces are superior in strength to the attractive forces the tendency of an atom is to go away from its fellows. If these forces alone acted in nature everything would pass into a gaseous condition, and the universe would be dispelled through space. There could be no planets, no sun. Chaos would be the result.

Now, what is true in the physical world is equally true in the spiritual. There are two great forces in spirit as well as in matter. These may be denominated love and hate. The tendency of love is to draw individuals together. Patriotism is a form of love—it makes possible nationality. Take away the love of country, and what would become of the American people, eighty-two millions strong? Would society be possible? Society only exists through the attractive force of love. Let hate rule, and what would be the condition of the human race? Families would separate, society would disintegrate, nations would go to pieces. It is only as the force of love rules that society becomes possible.

Now, if you take the repulsive forces of nature and try to confine them, as, for instance, the repulsive forces of steam in a boiler, and let those repulsive forces become stronger than the strength of the boiler, you have an explosion. These repulsive forces blow to pieces whatever seeks to confine them. Just so it is in the spirit world. Let hate master love and you have anarchy.

Take the condition of the American people to-day. We are a loyal people, because love is triumphant. It controls the national animosity and hatreds that grow up between individuals. Take the condition of Russia and their hate against the government and all that represents law. It is becoming so powerful that there may be a national explosion and anarchy may be the result.

It is a peculiarity of our Christian religion to create in the human heart the attractive force of love, soul for soul, so as to bind us together as one people, one race. That makes society possible. Christian affection solves all the difficult problems of human society, because its tendency is to bind us all together by a force that originates in the heart, through the grace of God, and thus bring all men into unity, into concord, into sweet love and lasting peace.

Let Christianity prevail over this earth and war would become impossible. We would want no navy. Policemen could be dispensed with. Armies would be disbanded, because the superior attractive force

of soul to soul would lead us to dwell together in harmony, in peace. That is heaven on earth. That may be our ideal of the millennium. But as we destroy Christian influence, Christian truth, Christian force, hate increases, and we come to our social problems, with anarchy, socialism, and a thousand other forms of human hatred, and society must go to pieces and return to a condition of barbarism and savagery.

I want you to appreciate honor and embrace Christianity as the hope of the race. All our future is bound up in it. Do not stand aloof from it. Embrace it as the only solution of all human problems. It will settle disputes in the home, and the divorce courts will be abandoned. Let love rule in all hearts, and these destructive forces will cease, and the race will abide together in peace. Selfishness is only another name for hate of our fellows. It is hatred of man for man and man for God that is the peril of human society. Anything that diminishes the force of hate—I mean hate for individuals, not hate for evil, because the hatred of evil is right and only helps on the good—I am speaking only of hatred toward personality—makes peace possible on earth.

The Great Consolation

I have just been taught a great lesson and I want you all to share it with me. We have received during the past few days scores and scores of letters from friends and strangers, sympathizing with us in our

great earthly sorrow. Those letters revealed a great fact that has impressed me deeply. Most of those letters are from Christian people, who, in addition to an expression of their personal loss and deep sympathy, turn us to the consolations of the Word of God. They invoke for us the great sources of support and comfort. But there are other letters, evidently from persons who know nothing personally of this great comfort that comes from the Word of God, individuals cultivated, charming in their personal characteristics, highly educated, many of them men and women of genius, known in circles of authorship, who knew our son, and they express the profoundest sympathy in most beautiful language, but there is not an allusion in these letters to the source of supreme comfort. Why not? Now, that has struck me profoundly. They can go so far, and their sympathy is deep, beautifully expressed, but somehow they seem to have forgotten the consolations that come from the life eternal. Why is that so? Are they devoid of them? Have they neglected to sit at the feet of the great Comforter and to learn of him? and not knowing the consolations of our blessed Christianity, they cannot impart them to others. Is that the awful fact? And I have come to see, therefore, the beauty and the richness of the consolations of our Christian faith as I have never seen them and felt them before. O, that these noble, highly endowed, cultivated people could only see the cross and the Christ and learn to

love him and be comforted by him! Now, the great consolations that have come to us have come also to the many who have written these letters; they have heard the voice of Jesus saying, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you and sustain you." But here also are many noble people who have not learned the blessedness of that language, or at least they seem to have forgotten it in this hour when its consolations are supreme. That is a sad fact.

If I could only take those persons and talk with them individually and point out that fact to them as I am pointing it out to you this morning, I might possibly lead them to see the great want in their own souls. But I want you to learn the lesson, if they have not learned it. I want you to learn this lesson, that in the supreme hours of human agony and bereavement there is no comfort, no human sympathy, that will compare with the consolations that come to us through the Christ in his blessed Word. And I want you to have that comfort to go with you through life.

In Memoriam

(Spoken a few weeks after the death of Frederic Lawrence Knowles.)

The memorial service has come and passed. I have been silent before you respecting the character

of the departed. I have preferred to let others speak. But there is one element in that character that I want to emphasize, and to point out the origin of it, for our instruction.

There was in my son an insatiate longing for perfection—perfection in everything—perfection in scholarship, perfection in his chosen profession. I think that that longing for perfection in scholarship and in literature widened out, broadened out into an insatiate longing for perfection in character and conduct. I think the basis of it probably was laid in his application to studies. There is the point for us. As a student of English literature he could not be satisfied with anything that was imperfect. I want to give you an illustration of it. In looking over the proof of the books that he published he could not rest while there was a wrong point, a dot, a comma, a single imperfect letter in the text. I worked with him on the proof of Cap and Gown, one of his first compilations; and when I said, "Now this is perfect. Why do you spend any more time on it?" he said, "I shall go over it two or three times more—there must be no blunder in this book." I have yet to find a typographical error or an error in punctuation in his latest book of poems, Love Triumphant. It is the result of ceaseless effort at perfection. Over and over that text he pored, to see that there was not a comma inverted or a single imperfect letter in the type. And what was true of the mechanical and routine part of these books was

also true of his effort at perfection in the spirit and flawless technique. The same earnest, faithful application was found in everything he did.

And that passed over into his conduct. I know from my close and loving intimacy with him that he could not rest until he attained perfection in manners, in courtesy, in gentleness—more than that, perfection in his conduct, in his relations to his fellow men.

He has been greatly misunderstood by a good many people who did not know him perfectly. You will find in his poems sometimes hearty, vigorous denunciation of form in Christianity. Sometimes he seems to be an enemy of Christianity. That is all in the seeming. He was an enemy of all sham in Christianity, never an enemy to Christianity itself. He loved perfection in the human life, he sought it for himself, he desired it for all others. And in his literary production he essayed to point out the distinctions between reality, true perfection, and sham Christianity. O, how he despised pharisaism! Now, there was no one more sensitive to imperfect speech than he, to the use of a wrong word or ungrammatical expression; but I have heard him say again and again, "I would rather hear an honest, earnest, wholesouled leader in the Salvation Army murdering the king's English, if I could only feel that his heart was genuine and full of love for humanity, than to hear a man in the pulpit whose English was flawless,

whose rhetoric was perfect, if he had no heart in it, if there was no tear in his eye and no tremor in his voice that was genuine." O, how he despised coldness of soul in a man who speaks the highest and richest of truth. Now, that was his spirit, an insatiate longing for perfection in character and conduct, genuineness, perfect genuineness of spirit. Where did he get it?

How often we have talked together, in the close intimacy of our home life, of the Christ! O, how he worshiped the Christ! There he saw what his soul craved—perfection—no flaw in Jesus to him—sinless, gentle, just, loving, tender, perfect; and his soul craved the Christ in his own life.

Now, that longing for perfection began in that accuracy in scholarship, that longing for perfection in what he did, and passed over into his moral life into the same longing for perfection in conduct, in spirit, and in speech.

Young people, beware of slipshod scholarship. If you are a slipshod scholar, you may be a slipshod character everywhere. In your scholarship seek accuracy. Seek to master the truth of all that is before you. He who does that will be likely to seek perfection in character and conduct as well.

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